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Outlaw

St. Louis

25¢

35¢ OUTSIDE ST. LOUIS

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My hips are a desk.
From my ears hang
chains of paper clips.
Rubber bands form my hair,
My breasts are wells of
mimeograph ink.
My feet bear casters.
Buzz. Click.
My head
is a badly organized file.
My head is a switchboard
where crossed lines crackle.
My head is a wastebasket
of worn ideas.
Press my fingers
and in my eyes appear
credit and debit
zing. Tinkle.
My navel is a reject button.
From my mouth issue
cancelled reams.
Swollen, heavy, rectangular
I am about to be delivered
of a baby
zerox machine.
File me under W
because I wonce
was
a woman.

Marge Piercy

The Secretarial Proletariat: Story on Pages 10-11

Outlaw 2

day care co-op

A community supported and controlled co-op for children between the ages of 3 and 5 will open soon in the West End. The children's center will be available all day to parents in need of the facility.

People interested in the center should contact THE RAP, P.O. Box 8175, Pierre Laclede Station, St. Louis, Mo. 63108. Also see the fine article in the Jan-Feb. issue of THE RAP which spells out the difficulties and frustrations of people who try to serve basic human needs like child care.

Angela

Fania Davis, Angela's sister will be in St. Louis on Monday, February 15. She'll be talking at noon at St. Louis University and at 9 p.m. at Sheldon Memorial. She'll be somewhere in East St. Louis in the later afternoon.

For information on what you can do to help Angela Davis, contact the Angela Davis Committee, ask for Joyce or Linda, 534-4762.

festus, Mo.

Word is out around Festus that the local pigs have invested in $3,800 worth of riot equipment. Word is also gettin' around that if they keep hassling people there might be a need for it.

The administration at Festus High School has been imposing their beliefs on the students as how they should look. People have been thrown out for wearing the "wrong type" of clothes or for having hair growing the "wrong places" on their head. If one of the men has hair on his face, he is brought down to the office and told to shave with some rusty blade or, told to leave school.

There are a couple places in Festus-Crystal City area where the kids hang out. There is a coffeehouse in Crystal that stays open till two, that has put the town oinkers uptight. The Crystal City police chief, officer Pork, said the other day that they wanted to close it because it was too dark inside (the windows are painted) and he couldn't understand what they were trying to hide. He also said that he saw some black tire marks outside the coffeehouse – no doubt, these are serious charges.

There's a head shop in Festus that the pigs have been watching. They sit in their cars and just stare at the place. Narcs rented a second story room across the way just to watch the store, On Saturday, Jan.16, at 1:00am, the pigs tried to bust the store. They came in with a warrant and decided to tear the place apart. They tore sections of the ceiling down, broke ashtrays, merchandise and the sound system, and took some pipes. Plenty of people witnessed the bust and didn't dig it too much. One guy, James Perry, was in the store and wanted to leave. On his way out the pigs stopped him, gave him a beating and arrested him. The next day his bail was set at a phenomenal $5,000. His charge was interfering with an officer(plenty of witnesses will tell you that the charge is bullshit). Last heard, his Dad still wasn't able to raise the bail to get him out, and the pids were thinking about bringing him to Hillsboro for "psychiatric observation." (By the way, "psychiatric observation" often means imprisonment without trial in a mental hospital until some shrink decides that you are straight enough for real life.)

The kids in Festus and Crystal are learning first hand what its like to live in a police state and they don't dig it very much. They're even talkin' bout gettin' their own riot gear.

– Bob

AFRICAN CONTINUUM

A group of people have organized The African Continuum to present what they plan as the first in an ongoing series of events. Their purpose is to bring serious black artists from various fields to St. Louis.
On Feb. 26 The African Continuum is presenting Images: Sons/ Ancestors. Various art forms will be combined at Powell Hall that evening. Julius Hemphill, a St. Louis jazz musician, and Michael Harper, a New York poet, will give performances. Oliver Jackson, an artist now working in this area, has designed the sets.

community

MCPHERSON ST. FOLLOWUP

Last issue Outlaw reported that Lipton Realty Co. was trying to illegally force Denny, Carole, and Brian McGrath and two friends,Jerry and Tina, from their house at 6106 Mcpherson. Lipton Realty was trying to throw them out because an alderman, John Roach, got some complaints about long-haired kids moving in. Roach tried to invoke some ancient, jive ordinance which says that the 6100 block of McPherson is zoned for one-family residences only.

Well, the Outlaw's got some more information about the people on McPherson St. and this is what they themselves wrote to us:

"We found out that it was one prejudiced neighbor that squealed on us. She feared a freak family (of the Charles Manson type, no doubt) would move in and not so much live differently but live in such a way that would deteriorate the neighborhood. Alderman Roach at first didn't dig the fact we were going to move in either, but after we talked to him we convinced him that we weren't out to destroy the neighborhood. He finally soothed her fears and no action through Lipton Realty was taken. Attorney Lou Gilden made legal touch with Lipton Realty Co. to make sure that if we were to move we would be reimbursed and if we were prosecuted for breaking a zoning regulation, then Lipton Realty would be at fault. So, we were in good shape-- many thanks to Lou Gilden.

When freaks move into a neighborhood they will always find prejudiced people-- but to plant the seeds of change via personal relationships is the hope of the future that the people will learn from us and us from them and a new, creative way of living may bear the fruits.

We can stay in our house now, and the people here have even asked us to their block meetings."

Denny, Carole, Brian, Tina, Jerry

SISTERS

Women: if you're tired of being ripped off because you don't know beans about your car...a class for women on auto mechanics is starting soon. Contact Judy 652-8036. The class is being taught by Mickey Horton.

COURT SHORTS

Michael Rudofker was sentenced on January 22 to ten years in prison and a $10,000 fine for his participation in the anti-ROTC demonstrations last spring at Washington University. He was sentenced under the Youth Corrections Act, however, which means his sentence will be reviewed in three months and can be shortened, changed to probation, or kept the same.

Mike was sent to jail on February 3, after being subpoenaed to testify before a federal grand jury on that same day. The message was clear:talk or get the long stretch.

Larry Kogan, another of those indicted for the May 4-5 anti-ROTC demonstrations, went to trial on February 8 in Judge Regan's court at the federal building (12th and Market Streets). The trial may go on for as long as a week.

BRINGING HOME THE BACON

Richard Bray was invited into several homes in the Loop area of Uninversity City last week as a housing inspector for the city. The credentials he flashed looked good, probably they are. He is also known as Detective Richard Bray, University City Police. Think of the possibilities. Its your choice whether you want to trust him in your home. Creeping fascism, or creepy fascist.

– raindog

Bike Bust

The Lord's Prayer: "The Lords giveth, and the Lords taketh away, and whosoever sinneth against the Lords shall be punished, for justice and vengeance are mine," sayeth the Lords.

Last weekend two Warlords were arrested for peace disturbance. When the rest of us found out, we went to the police station to inquire about them, although they were going to be released the next morning. When we got there, there was an argument between the boys who were in for peace disturbance. The President of the Warlords tried to calm everyone down. The last thing he expected was trouble from the police. But suddenly, and for no reason, he was sprayed in the face with mace, from close range, by the pigs. According to the President, "A stream of fluid hit me in the face, my eyes seemed to catch fire, and I began to choke, I was blinded, and bent over from cramps when officers,not these two pigs, began to beat me. I couldn't open my eyes, I couldn' t move, I was helpless. I was thrown to the floor, and they began stomping and kicking me. When I was almost out, I felt them pull my belt off me. The only ones to use that belt were these two pigs. I was then beaten with the belt buckle. I did not go unconscious, I just couldn't move. Then they took my money , wallet, keys and other personal belongings." The rest of us were unable to help because the pigs were holding guns on us. But we all witnessed his beating. Finally he yelled for us to get out, and we ran back to inform his wife of the happennings.

Shortly after we got to the house the police came with guns, demanding entry, but they were not let in, as they had no warrant. So they left guards on the roof, at both doors, with guns cocked and ready to fire. The rest went to get reinforcements. Suddenly the streets were filled with cop cars, pigs carrying shotguns and pistols. They forced their way into the house at gunpoint, demanding to search the place with no warrant, waving their guns in front of women and children, and shouting obscenities about whore houses and prostitution.

Several of us, including three cops, saw an officer empty a bag of pills onto the attic floor. No one saw him find the bag and besides that, he was not even entirely up the attic steps. These tactics were used on several occassions that evening. They also charged the President with carrying drugs and needles.

After they took us to the station, officer Newberry of the St. Louis County Police was seen trying to plant some dope in one of our pockets. Last week this same officer was arrested for the sale and possession of marijuana.

Then the cops went back to the house, and arrested the rest of the people. They were held only twenty hours, as they could get no warrants issued. It is strange that in a land of justice and freedom, such crimes as beatings and planting dope and other illegal procedures can be committed by those who are supposed to be the servants of the law. The failure lies with the responsible people of our society, who put unqualifed people in positions of power. This incident took place because the Pagedale cops panicked, thought with their hands instead of their heads -- particularly two cops, black Moses King, and white William Myers. When they were finished with their tactics of violence, they tried to twist the law by planting dope on us, and in the house, claiming the things in the house were stolen goods, and even going so far as to charge our President with attacking a police officer in the station.

To those who wish to know the truth, and to the Pagedale police, Hark yea: "The seeds sown by these swine shall bear bitter, fiery and fatal fruit, for justice and vengeance are mine," sayeth the Lords!

CAIRO

Bishop Zurowiste of the Catholic diocese of Belleville has evicted the Black United Front from their headquarters at St. Columbas church. Father Ben Bowdowes, pastor of the church has been ordered out along with the Front. Control of St. Columbas is being transferred to the "Biracial and Ecumenical Committee for Recreation in Cairo"--a fancy name given to a paper organization created by the Bishop to break up the United Front.

Catholics from all over the midwest are protesting the decision, but in the Church the only appeal of a Bishop's decision is to the Pope or God--both of whom are very busy and extremely hard to see.

SHA-NA-NA

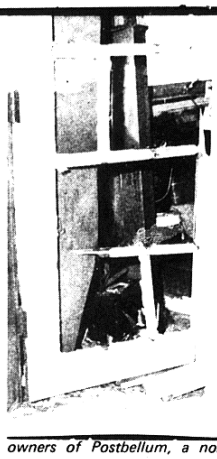
It didn't take me very long last Saturday night to realize that something was different about the Brewer and Shipley--Sha Na Na concert at the Washington University Field House. As soon as I saw the first of the many Andy Frain "rent-an-ushers", I knew this was not to be an ordinary night. These were not the usual ushers; they had been replaced by bouncers, big men , some armed with night sticks.

No, this was not an ordinary Wash. U. Concert. It was obvious that the policy had changed. Worried about past gate rip-offs, (for instance the Velvet Plastic Ball), the latest money maker-promoter, Carl Bianco, had decided--no one will get in free, not without scars to remember the evening with anyway.

Two or three hundred people had gathered outside, most of them unwilling to give their money to some 'dude' who stood to make several thousand dollars on the event. The crowd moved toward the gate. It was one solid mass of people being pushed inward. One usher moved through the crowd, night stick waving, telling people to move back. Of course, even if we wanted to move back, it wouldn't have been possible. Energy was entirely inward. The ushers at the gate finally gave way to the force, but as people burst through into the gym, the night sticks were put to work, and at least one brother , who was trying to deter the pigs, was driven to the floor and clubbed. Outside, four sisters were knocked to the ground and beaten. Meanwhile, pig-promoter, Carl Bianco watched with approval from the steps above, as his usher lackies did the job for him.

It looks like the 'no-crashers-even-if-it-means-blood' policy is going to be with us for a while. Bianco is holding two more concerts at Wash. U. in the next month. We can expect more of the same. Let's be prepared.

-Sammy T. Pool



The owners of Postbellum, a north county head shop, and their friends were awakened at 4:30 a.m. on January 28 by the sound of barking dogs and shattering glass. Before they knew what was happening, plain clothes detectives and uniformed Florissant police were swarming all over the house. They went through the rooms shining flashlights and waving guns in the faces of everyone, including a six year old boy.

The police never identified themselves, never showed badges, never produced a warrant, and never informed the victims of their rights. When Bob Marfisi, who leases the home at 936 Charbonier Road along with Lloyd and Sandy Holm, asked detective John Gray if they had a search warrant, Gray answered, "Shut the fuck up."

Gray told the people that they knew they had six bricks of grass and were going to find them. Gray and his men got angry when they couldn't find any dope.

They "searched" every room several times, throwing personal belongings all over, ripping up floor boards, and breaking the child's crayons and some of his Christmas toys. When the cops got done, the place was in shambles, and the door leading to the kitchen wasn't there any more.

All this yielded the invaders some cigarette papers, a couple of pipes from the store, a bottle of aspirin, and some prescription drugs. The occupants of the house were taken to the Florissant police station. Lloyd and Mike Eckman, a visitor, were arrested for suspicion of possession of marijuana. Bob and Sheldon Corwin were arrested for possession. Bob, Lloyd, and Mike were released a couple hours later.

Sheldon, however, was transferred to the Ferguson jail and held until 6 p.m., when an appearance bond of $1500 was posted. Before he was taken to Ferguson, Sheldon was punched and threatened by Gray, who told him, "If I see you on the street, I'm gonna kill you."

The Postbellum people were set up for the bust by a St. Louis cop, Michael Begley, who had been busted in Florissant for possession and sale a few hours earlier. When arrested, Begley apparently turned over all kinds of names, including, as in this case, names of people he didn't even know.

Begley reportedly shot himself in the leg last August to avoid going to Army summer camp. None of the group at the Charbonier address had ever met Begley. The Florissant raiders could never have obtained a search warrant on such "evidence."

No warrants have been issued in the case, and none will be, according to their lawyer. This means the people will not have to go to court.

The Florissant police have been hassling people for years. They have tried every trick in their effort to drive long hairs out of town. A commune next door to the Holm and Marfisi house was raided over 40 times last year.

Gray told the Postbellum people that if they didn't tell him where the six bricks were, he would come back once a week and "rip this place apart."

They and their landlord are considering legal action against the Florissant government.

Outlaw Officer of the Week:
John Gray

LAOS INVASION

Not Vietnamization, but Laotianization -- this is the new phase of U.S. military escalation of the war in Indochina. Pentagon secrecy has been lifted: the months of devastating bombing in Laos are now being followed up by the ground intervention of U.S. and South Vietnamese puppet troops into the Laotian civil war. Operation Dewey Canyon II, with at least 30,000 troops, is a desperate effort to prop up the faltering U.S. position in Vietnam and Cambodia by cutting off the flow of supplies along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The invasion is supported by large troop units now moving into neighboring Cambodia.

We don't know how many Amerikan troops are involved in this latest act of aggression, but U.S. jets are flying hundreds of sorties daily, and massive artillery forces are perched on the Laotian border to support ground activity. The B-52s and helicopter gunships have been very active in "softening up" this southern section of Laos. An attempt is being made to open up Route 9, which runs from Khe Sanh across the Ho Chi Minh Trail into Laos.

This is a crucial parcel of territory. It links up the military logistics of the North Vietnamese, the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, the revolutionary Pathet Lao (the NLF's equivalent in Laos), and the Cambodian liberation forces (CNUF). The area is very rugged and mountainous; it's also heavily fortified and the military forces there are solidly entrenched, so that not even the bombings have much effect. Any U.S. or ARVN ground foray into the area is almost certain to be bloodily repulsed. Remember the vicious beating the U.S. forces took at Khe Sanh two years ago? Much of the same can be expected.

The frightening thing about all this is that the Nixon administration might decide to use tactical nuclear weapons to bail itself out of a hopeless military situation, just as LBJ was tempted to do during the Khe Sanh seige. Rumors have persisted for some time that the Strangelovian creatures in Washington and Saigon are waiting for just such an opportunity to put an end to the war this way -- even if tens or even hundreds of thousands more of the "enemy" perish in the process.

Already the Amerikan air force has obliterated the countryside of Laos, which has been designated a "free-fire" zone. U.S. jets have been flying 27,000 missions a month over Laos -- the most intensive bombardment suffered by any nation in history. Nearly one million refugees have been created out of a population of only three million. The Plain of Jars, which before the bombings peacefully supported 200,000 human beings, now has a population of zero, and its ecosystem has been destroyed beyond reclamation. Everywhere villages and towns have been levelled, their inhabitants killed or forced to grovel for survival.

As in South Vietnam and Cambodia, U.S. "scorched earth" policies have served to mobilize Laotians into the movement for national liberation. The ranks of the Pathet Lao have swelled to include practically all able-bodied persons in the countryside. Journalists who have visited Pathet Lao territories report that factories manufacturing cloth, munitions, and pharmaceuticals are operating in caves which have been enlarged by dynamite, and that rice is cultivated by night, when bombing raids are less frequent.

The increased political and military strength of the Pathet Lao is a major reason the U.S. feels it must now intervene. In fact, as early as last fall, the Nixon-Kissinger messengers of goodwill admitted launching company-sized operations from South Vietnam into Laos. The President proposed a ceasefire over nationwide TV in October and constantly talks about troop withdrawals and de-escalation of the war, but U.S. military activities in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos speak an entirely different language.

1. By late 1970, the number of South Vietnamese civilians killed had almost certainly passed 500,000. The Senate Sub-Committee on Refugees estimated that there had been over 1,000,000 causalties, of which 300,000 were fatal. But Edward S. Herman, in his *Atrocities in Vietnam* calculated that the figures for casualties is more like 2,000,000, with 1,000,000 deaths, while Telford Tyler, in *Nuremberg and Vietnam , cites* estimates by the American Friends Service Committee of 150,000 deaths annually, which would mean 900,000 from 1965 to 1970 alone. All sources agree that the vast majority of these casualties and deaths are due to American firepower.

2.The Senate Sub-Committee reports that 6,000,000 people have been displaced in South Vietnam since 1964, 500,000 of them in the first six months of 1970. Saigon has increased in population from 2,500,000 to 3,500,000 since 1961. A member of the Saigon assembly states that there are now 400,000 prostitutes in South Vietnamese cities.

3.There are now 105,000 civilian amputees in South Vietnam, 51,000 military amputees, 258,000 orphans, 131,000 war widows -- a total of 545,000 war victims on the CORDS caseload (Source: U.S. Senate Sub Committee Report, September,1970).

4. These figures indicate that at least 8,000,000 people in Vietnam (nearly half the population) have been killed wounded, maimed, displaced, or rendered a ward of the state since the start of the war.

5. In Laos, since 1964, at least 200,000 people have been killed and 700,000-800,000 displaced. Since the population of Laos is only 3 million, then about one-third of the population has been either killed or displaced. (Source: Senate Sub-Committee Report of 1970).

6. In Cambodia, the figures for the killed and wounded are still sketchy, but they number in the thousands already. The displaced have already reached 1,00,000. In addition, 400,000 ethnic Vietnamese have either fled or been displaced (Source: Senate Sub-Committee Report of 1970). Meanwhile, the population of Phnom Penh, swollen with refugees, has increased from 700,000 to 1,500,000.

7. 13.5 million gallons of chemicals have been dropped on South Vietnam, affecting 5 million acres.or twelve per cent of the land. (Source: Time magizine, May25, 1970).

why are we fighting?

PARIS, France (LNS) — The Saigon government has recently passed a law granting foreign companies permits for oil exploration off the South Vietnamese coast.

In 1969 ten Amerikan companies undertook exploratory work there. Their research must have proved fruitful, because six other Amerikan companies, two Japanese, and one Canadian firm, have joined the list of the "pioneer" enterprises.A meeting of the businessmen concerned is due to take place February in Saigon.

The companies have already begun to invest, even though President Nixon is using the slogan of "vietnamization." Have the oil companies perhaps received some solid assurances from Washington concerning the United States' willingness to "hold" Indochina, and South Vietnam in particular? In view of such haste, one is tempted to think so.

Vietnam is not the only country involved. On November 11, 1969, the U.S. Ambassador to Thailand, Mr. Unger, made an important declaration before a Senatorial commission:

There is one very, very large development that may take place. Nobody knows at this point whether it will prove out or not. That is oil exploration that is going on actually not only from Thailand, but also from Malaysia, Indonesia, and so on, but it is very important in the case of Thailand, and there are now six companies, five of them Amerikan, that are now carrying out explorations and presumably with some pretty good hope of finding something there. Now, if that develops, it of course will be a very major additional Amerikan investment in the country.

The oil of this region interests the ecology-conscious U.S. and Japanese firms because it has a very low sulfur for which interests the Amerikan companies taking part content. But it is above all the abundance of oil hoped in the exploration, and for which they intend to prospect throughout the huge stretch reaching from South Korea to the Gulf of Thailand. Vast territories have been alloted to them in the entire Indonesian archipelago, off the shores of the Malaysian mainland and north of Borneo. Joachim Joesten wrote in *Weltwoche*, a German newsweekly, last May 22:

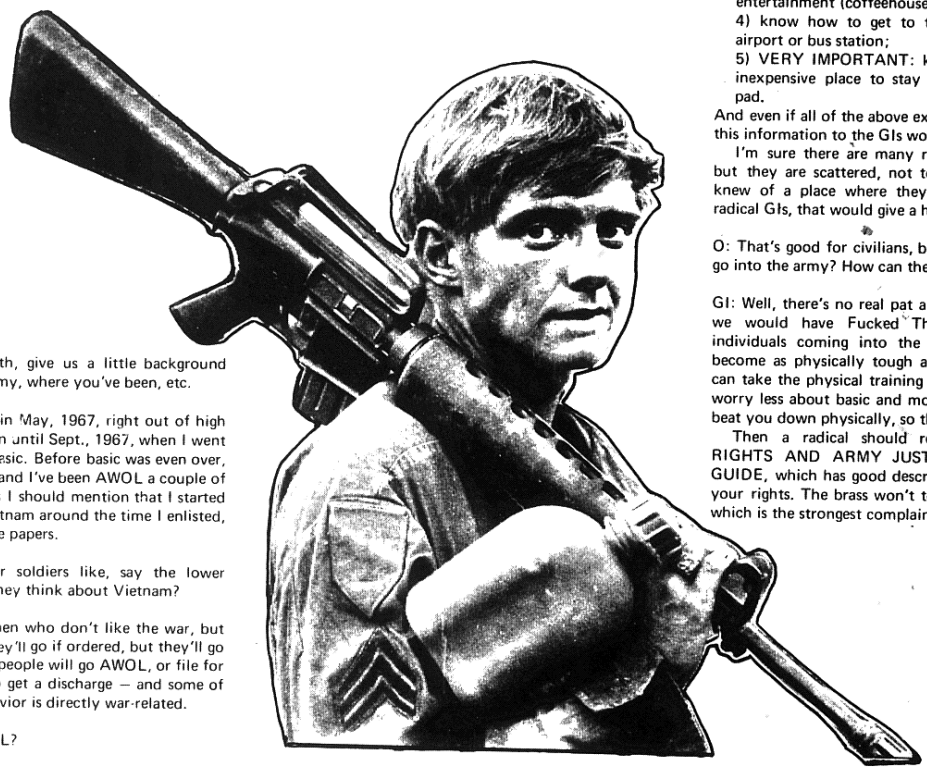
'Compared to the South East Asian offshore deposits' said a top oil company official, 'those of Louisiana are like a postage stamp on the back of an elephant.' U.S. geologist James Gauntt, veteran of fifteen years of searching the South China Sea, thinks that in five years the offshore oil fields of Thailand, Cambodia, Malaysia, South Vietnam and Indonesia will be ready to produce four-hundred million barrels a day — or more than is now produced in the entire western world.

SCREW THE BRASS

GIs,

The following interview was made with a radical GI who is currently stationed at Ft. Leonard Wood in Southwestern Missouri. The experiences that he runs down aren't different from those of thousands of other GIs, who have split the army in order to avoid going to Vietnam and to get away from repressive army life.

Place names and dates—along with other details—have been changed in order to protect the GI from harrassment and persecution.



OUTLAW: To start with, give us a little background about your life in the army, where you've been, etc.

GI: I officially enlisted in May, 1967, right out of high school, but I didn't go in until Sept., 1967, when I went down to Ft. ——— for basic. Before basic was even over, I'd gotten into trouble, and I've been AWOL a couple of times since then. I guess I should mention that I started having doubts about Vietnam around the time I enlisted, but I'd already signed the papers.

O: What are the other soldiers like, say the lower enlisted men? What do they think about Vietnam?

GI: There are lots of men who don't like the war, but more feel powerless. They'll go if ordered, but they'll go reluctantly. And lots of people will go AWOL, or file for CO, or act up enough to get a discharge — and some of this AWOL and bad behavior is directly war-related.

O: Why do guys go AWOL?

GI: They hate the war, don't want to fight it, so they split. Also, they just hate the army, the harassment, the loss of freedom, and the unfairness. You know, like why should I be here when lots of guys I know got out. I think guys would be much more willing to put up with the army if they felt Vietnam was a just war. But they don't. There's no feeling of a need to sacrifice for "the cause."

O: What are other privates like?

GI: You meet all kinds, except rich men's sons. There are hippies— lots of hippies and semi-hippies— ex-students, poor blacks, poor whites, farm kids, college grads. About the only positive thing I've gotten from the army is the number of good people I've met. There was a study I saw about the increasing number of college grad draftees entering the army; the army claimed 20 percent of its new recruits were college grads.

O: What are the lifers like?

GI: Lifers are about the lowest, stupidest, least respectable rabble I've encountered. Guys sit around the barracks at night rapping about which of the lifers would be competent enough to make it in civilian life. Many are alcoholics or close to it; most are very lazy, prejudiced, and against anything different like long hair. You wouldn't believe how bothered a lifer can get about a mustache, or too-long sideburns. These guys have their little niche, which they can hide in and not have to face the world and its uncertainties. After work they can get crocked. I suspect that many of them have unhappy family lives, or else they wouldn't be so EAGER to go to Vietnam. And most of them really like Nam; they can make more money there.

O: Is it easy to get drugs in the army?

GI: Very easy, though the prices are usually high. Grass, acid, mescaline—it's all around. There are lots of hippies here, and they don't quit drugs.

O: Is that how you deal with your frustrations in the army?

GI: Well, somewhat. I've had a hard time handling army life, and have occasionally gone AWOL, too. The first time I left was in the middle of basic. Training freaked me out, and I just split.

After coming back, I landed at Leonard Wood. By the time the army sent me here, I was completely against the war. I applied for a CO (conscientious objector) discharge from within the army.

O: How does the army treat CO applications from its soldiers?

GI: They don't give out any information about a soldier's right to apply for a CO discharge. I didn't find out about that until I got some counseling in St. Louis. I put in the CO about a month later — and I really liked that, I really felt good after giving them my CO application. Of course it was an idle gesture; the army had approved about two applications in the previous two years. It's a lonely kind of thing to give some dumb lifer a CO, but luckily I wasn't hassled much. I also did not get a CO discharge. It came back from the Pentagon, denied. So I split again.

O: What did you do while you were AWOL?

GI: I told people I was a veteran so I could work. Actually I didn't do anything too special, but I really had a good time. I was quite tense for a while, afraid the FBI would get me, but I managed to participate in a few demonstrations without anything happening. I stayed out for several really fine months, and then returned on my own. Now I'm pending an administrative discharge.

O: What about organizing? What should a radical do?

GI: Well, Andy Stepp, head of the American Servicemen's Union, had great success down at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, before the brass got rid of him. I think there's potential here that can be cultivated, and both civilians and radical GIs can help.

The most politically active posts have a large civilian city nearby. GIs need an off-post place to meet, organize, print a newspaper or leaflets. I think civilians could provide this place, provide counsellors who know military law, and in general just assist GIs — that would be a big help.

Perhaps the best thing St. Louis people could do would be leaflet or pass out OUTLAWS on weekends at the airport and bus station. And if, say, a coffeehouse could be started, then advertised to GIs, that would be good, even though St. Louis is far from here, especially on a Saturday afternoon to Sunday night pass.

To be really helpful, GIs who come to St. Louis would have to: 1) know they could get help — counseling etc., or just meet other radicals and radical GIs;

2) know where they could make contacts (the coffeehouse, the peace center, the AFSC office);

3) know where they could get some form of entertainment (coffeehouse);

4) know how to get to the coffeehouse from the airport or bus station;

5) VERY IMPORTANT: know they would have an inexpensive place to stay — a cheap hotel or crash pad.

And even if all of the above existed, some way of getting this information to the GIs would have to be devised.

I'm sure there are many radicals scattered on post, but they are scattered, not together. So if radical GIs knew of a place where they could go to meet other radical GIs, that would give a huge boost to us.

O: That's good for civilians, but what about people who go into the army? How can they be effective?

GI: Well, there's no real pat answer to that. If we knew we would have Fucked The Army long ago. But individuals coming into the army should first of all become as physically tough as they can. Really, if you can take the physical training and the push-ups, you can worry less about basic and more about organizing. They beat you down physically, so the stronger the better.

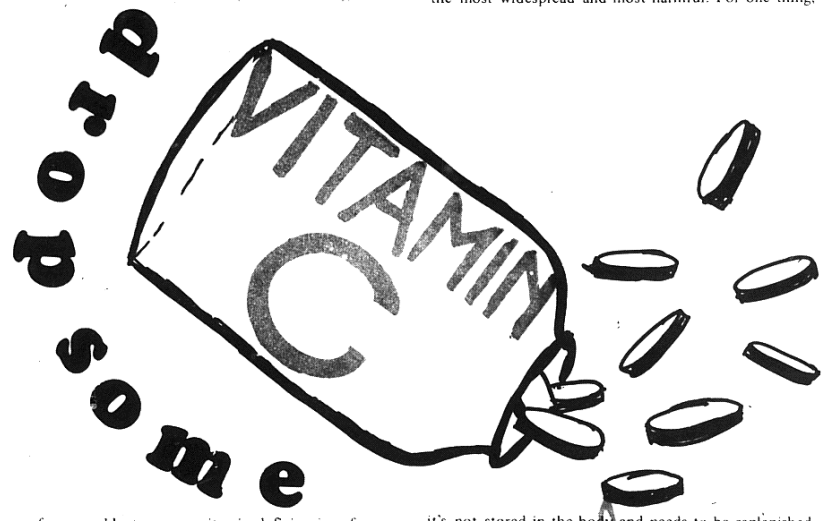
Then a radical should read Robert Rivkin's GI RIGHTS AND ARMY JUSTICE: THE DRAFTEE'S GUIDE, which has good descriptions and good ideas of your rights. The brass won't tell you about article 138, which is the strongest complaint procedure.

There are other organizing guides — Ken Cloke has one which is good and you may be able to find it at the AFSC (American Friends Service Committee) office. I think an organizer should join the American Servicemen's Union. It can be helpful if you get into trouble, provides materials, distributes the BOND (radical GI paper), and can be used as an organizing tool.

There have been cases where GIs have acted collectively to SCREW the brass. The Fort Hood 43, who refused to go to Chicago in '68 to beat kids at the convention, would have been screwed royally if there had been only five refusers instead of 43. So GI organizing can be done, you can help soldiers get discharges, turn them on to radical papers and ideas, and even defeat the brass at times.

Outlaw 6

We live in a society of vast resources and technology, yet most people find it impossible to even stay nourished and healthy. Like everything else in capitalist Amerika, the food, health, and drug businesses are fraudulent rip-offs; more than that, they're actually killing us. About one third of the people in this country suffer from severe malnutrition (near-starvation), while very few are able to escape vitamin deficiencies of one sort or another.



Although we like to take comfort in the myth of the vitamin-enriched "balanced diet" that leads to healthful vitality, the truth is that the food we buy in grocery stores and restaurants is artificial and worthless. Much of it is processed beyond recognition, destroyed by preservatives and other chemical shit. Produce is often grown in soil that is ecologically contaminated or that yields few minerals and vitamins. Animals living off this soil can't deliver many nutrients either, so that meats, eggs, milk, cheese, etc. are often harmful or emptied of food value. We live in a plastic and empty society, and most of our food is plastic and empty. Don't let phoney vitamin and mineral claims on labels fool you. All food companies and stores sell for profit, not for human needs.

And the medical people, with all their technology, drugs, and specialization, don't help things - on the contrary, they fuck you over even more. The doctors, hospitals, med schools, etc. don't give a shit about nutrition. What they do is diagnose and treat ailments and diseases after they occur, at least for middle class people who have bread. The concept of keeping people healthy in order to prevent ailments and diseases is totally foreign to them. Medicine is a great money-making enterprise. It's in the interest of doctors to charge exhorbitant rates for visits and treatments, send people to expensive hospitals, and order massive dosages of useless and poisonous drugs..

So it's not surprising that medical and drug people aren't exactly turned on to vitamins. Despite all the massive evidence that most Americans suffer severe deficiencies of protein, iron, calcium, and vitamins A and C, that hundreds of thousands die every year from illnesses and diseases caused by these deficiencies, doctors doctors continue to ignore vitamins or put them down altogether. Medical journals are so uptight they refuse to print anything except abusive editorials about vitamins.

Of all forms of malnutrition, vitamin C deficiency is the most widespread and most harmful. For one thing, it's not stored in the body and needs to be replenished daily, even hourly. Also, most foods that contain great amounts of vitamin C like bell peppers, pimentos, paprika, and rose hips, aren't eaten very regularly, while some (citrus fruits) aren't eaten daily in large enough amounts to really help. Another thing is that vitamin C is easily destroyed as soon as fruits and vegetables are picked; up to 90% may be lost within a day because of exposure to sunlight, oxygen, or water. Most of the tomatoes, oranges, and peppers you eat most likely contain very little vitamin C.

Linus Pauling, in his recent book *Vitamin C and the Common Cold* (available at Left Bank Books), says that we need 20-40 times as much vitamin C as we normally get. People who smoke, drink, take drugs (especially the straight kind like aspirin and antibiotics), who are exposed to air pollution, pesticides, lead poisoning, etc., need even more than that. And people who get allergies and infections, especially older people, suffer the most. Stores of vitamin C in the body are quickly drained in the struggle to combat the effects of these toxic forces.

Pauling claims that if large enough dosages of vitamin C are taken the body can effectively combat viruses and infections. Its powers against the cold may indeed be miraculous, as the evidence cited by Pauling suggests. Vitamin C functions to build up a cement-like material called collagen, which holds together all cells and prevents external substances like bacteria and poisons from penetrating cell walls. In this way it helps to ward off all forms of colds, infections, allergies, and it also nourishes our skin, bones, and teeth.

Most people have at least three colds a year; they occur more often than all other diseases combined. They not only cause immediate misery, but they do great bodily harm over the long run. Quite often simple colds lead to serious diseases like pneumonia. Probably the greatest damage is done by the cold "remedies" peddled by drug companies - by poisonous cold medicines like corricidin on which people waste more than $500,000,000 a year. Stay away from these harmful drugs! They don't do a thing to prevent or alleviate colds, but they can really damage your heart, liver, kidneys, and stomach. As Pauling puts it, the warnings carried by fake cold medicines which read "KEEP THIS MEDICINE OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN!" should be replaced by one that says "KEEP THIS MEDICINE OUT OF THE REACH OF EVERYBODY! USE VITAMIN C INSTEAD!"

The key to vitamin C is the dosage level. Individual needs may vary from 250 milligrams to 10,000 milligrams (10 grams) a day, and even higher intakes may be necessary to combat illnesses. (Most people, even with "adequate" diets, get no more than 50 milligrams a day.) If you've been taking vitamin C and still came down with a cold, the chances are you weren't taking enough; don't give up on it until you've taken up to 10 grams daily. In most cases, however, anywhere between 2 and 5 grams should be plenty.

The best advice, according to Pauling, is to drop a couple of 500 mg. C tabs as soon as you feel the symptoms of a cold, then continue this intake every hour or so. Begin with heavy dosages the first day, then taper off gradually. This should do it. Don't stop your intake abruptly, or you'll most likely wind up with the cold you aborted in the first place.

For normal times, Pauling suggests at least 1 or 2 grams a day. Spread out your intake over the day. One gram taken in four 250 mg. doses is more effective than 3 grams taken at once. The best time to drop is just before or just after meals. And, above all, keep taking them regularly. You'll soon notice a natural kind of high from vitamin C.

You can't O.D. on vitamin C. It's one of the most non-toxic substances known, with no side-effects even after massive dosages. The body simply rejects any excess of the vitamin. Humans have eaten up to 40 grams a day for as long as a month and up to 100 grams a day for shorter periods with no bad trips. Animals have been known to take in 350 grams with no ill effects. The real danger is taking too little or relying on drugs to treat infections and colds.

Vitamin C can easily be purchased and is cheap (although a recent run on C tabs throughout the country has resulted in a temporary shortage and may increase the price). You can buy a one kilogram jar for $10, enough to supply the needs of two people for a year. Buy the large (500 mg.) tabs which are cheaper and have less filler. If your local market doesn't stock vitamin C, ask the manager to order it. Stay away from "special" or "organic" C tabs (or crystals) and other similar health food rip-offs. All vitamin C or ascorbic acid is the same, including the "Rose Hip All Natural Vitamin C", which is exorbitantly priced at health food stores.

And don't pay attention to the medical propaganda that tells you it's better to get vitamin C through "natural foods" rather than "synthetic tabs". That's bullshit. No matter how you take it or in what form (you can shoot it up if you want), it's all the same vitamin. Taking 4 grams of vitamin C by dropping 8 tabs is a lot easier than drinking its equivalent - 40 glasses of orange juice - and it's cheaper.

GRAND JURY JUSTICE?

Last summer the **Outlaw** predicted the use of a potent new weapon against the Left the federal grand jury. Recent cases in St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver and Tucson indicate that we were right. Unfortunately, predicting doom is a lot easier than preventing it.

Here in St. Louis, Mike Rudofker recently faced charges of sabotage (30 years) and destruction of federal property (10 years). Both raps stem from the ROTC demonstrations last May at Washington U. He pled guilty to the lesser charge and the sabotage was dropped. The judge gave Mike 10 years and a $10,000 fine, but with a catch: he was sentenced under the youth corrections act. That means that after he serves his first 90 days the judge can either give him probation, shorten his sentence or leave it the same. There is one even bigger catch Mike has been subpoenaed to appear before the federal grand jury on the same day he's to begin serving his 90 days.

The message is crystal clear: "tell us what we want to hear (truth or lies as long as it helps put local movement people behind bars) and you get 90 days...otherwise 10 years.

John Mitchell and his boys pulled the same thing in Kansas City. The federal grand jury there is investigating last May's demonstrations at the University of Missouri at Columbia during which the ROTC building was firebombed. The feds fingered Harry Thomas for the bombing. They offered a "deal": a 6 month misdemeanor if he tells what he knows about the movement – 30 years for sabotage if he doesn't.

In addition to this hallowed Amerikan legal tradition of the "deal" (if you're fingered they offer to let you off easy if you rat on your friends) the feds have added a new twist: the immunity statute through which even if you haven't done shit they can throw you in jail unless you tell them what they want to know. You're not supposed to have to say anything to the government which might incriminate you – that's the fifth amendment – and since anything you tell the government is likely to be used to fuck you over – it's a good idea to refuse to answer all questions on the grounds of the fifth amendment.But if you take the fifth and the feds know they can't get you for anything anyway, they can "give" you "immunity" from prosecution and force you to talk to them or else throw you in jail for contempt.

In Denver one woman was held in jail for nine months until she agreed to testify. And in Tucson, Arizona the grand jury is currently conducting a full scale witch hunt against the Los Angeles left. Under the pretext of investigating an alleged plot to transport dynamite from Tucson to L.A., the grand jury is trying to get all the dope they can on the Los Angeles movement and is throwing everybody who won't cooperate behind bars.

The show is being run by Guy Goodwin, head of the Justice Department Internal Security Division. He asks questions like, "Describe for the grand jury every contact you have ever had with (about 15 people named) in 1970; the conversations you had with them on those occasions, who else was present, what was discussed and where those conversations took place." Witnesses were asked to describe every occasion on which they visited a certain house, plus the conversations there; or to name every demonstration they have attended during the last two years, who was there and what occurred.

So far six witnesses have refused to answer such questions – first because of the fifth amendment and then after being given immunity, on the grounds that the questions are too broad and vague and have nothing to do with any plot to transport dynamite. They have all been charged with contempt. (A nice trick: turn the grand jury into a repressive piece of shit and throw you in jail for having contempt for it...)

Isn't it nice to live in a free country with all these civil liberties?

RED POWER

Tacoma, Washington

Trials began Jan.18 for a group of 55 native Americans and their white supporters.

They were arrested Sept.9 on charges of armed riot, inciting to riot, second-degree assault, possession of a firebomb, second-degree arson and other charges.

It was the most serious yet in a long series of confrontations between the state of Washington and Indians of the Nisqually and Puyallup tribes who are trying to maintain their right to fish, guaranteed them by the Medicine Creek Treaty of 1854, which stated they may fish "in their usual and accustomed places, forever.

The Sept.9 incident began when Tacoma police and state fisheries officers, armed and in full riot gear, invaded an Indian fishing camp on the Puyallup River near here.

Indians standing on a railroad bridge over the water fired four warning shots near a fisheries boat which was moving to seize a net which the Indians had partially strung across the river. The cops fired tear gas and began to surround the camp. Then an Indian threw a firebomb onto the bridge to delay a squad of cops charging across it with clubs raised. The Indians met them with leveled guns. Police stopped 10 feet away.

The Indians were eventually captured and most of them were beaten. If convicted of *all* charges against them, some face up to 28 years in prison.

The state has been trying to regulate Indian fishing here ever since 1919, when a five-mile perimeter was established around Indian fishing grounds. It has interpreted the 1854 treaty to mean that the Indians have the right to fish "in common with other citizens of the territory," a rationale for trying to enforce white fishing laws upon them.

The Indians say that they were given the right to fish "in common grounds, forever" and cite minutes of the treaty to prove it. Powerful sports and commercial fishing interests claim that the Indians are taking large numbers of fish away from them. The Indians say that the white fishermen are, in fact, dangerously depleting the supply of fish. Ramona Bennett, a member of the Puyallup Tribal Council, insists, "It's a conservation issue as well as a Indian issue. Indians and fish are being equally jeopardized by a racist government."

Recently a white group calling itself "Save Our Fish" has been taking nets from the Indians. *A warrant* is out for the arrest of the son of a Washington Game Department official who allegedly stole an Indian net. Illegal fishing demonstrations have also been held by whites protesting Indian fishing. None of them went to jail.

BASTA YA!

Last week, in the East Los Angeles barrio – where almost a half million Chicanos live – about 10,000 people poured out onto the streets to protest the vicious beatings and arrests at the hands of the L.A. goon squad during the Chicano Moratorium on January 9. In response to this peaceful protest, the pigs opened up with even more fury – shooting to death one brother, wounding at least 45, and busting another 50. Between 400 and 500 of L.A.'s finest swept into the barrio, shooting and running amok over the people. A state of emergency was declared for a ten-square-mile area.

But the Chicanos fought back. They're not gonna take this shit anymore. They came back with fire bombs, stones, and rifles. They torched at least ten buildings, including a bank, and totally destroyed three hated structures of Chicano oppression. Another 70 buildings were stoned, including a sheriff's station. They also took out some pretty heavy vengeance against two deputies.

This was not the first time that uniformed thugs in East L.A. took it upon themselves to brutally disperse political gatherings of Chicanos. Three brothers were murdered during the first Chicano Moratorium, which called for an immediate end to the war in Southeast Asia, last August 29. Since then police brutality and harrassment has intensified. The barrio is in a near state of siege. They're trying desperately to pick off the leadership. But the resentment and anger of the people is growing, and so is the movement.

The Chicanos are starting to get it together against the honchos who rule Amerika – they're moving in revolutionary directions. They've had enough of the inhuman living conditions, unemployment, and police brutality that destroy their minds and bodies every day in the Chicano ghettoes of New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, New Mexico. They've had enough of the tens of thousands of Chicanos getting shot up in Vietnam. They've had enough of capitalism and racism. And the power structure is really getting uptight. Power to our Chicano brothers and sisters.

NIXON SCABS

When Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee were fighting grape-growers for union recognition and a living wage, President Nixon had pictures taken of himself gorging on grapes and the U.S. Army did its bit toward breaking the boycott by tripling its purchase of grapes. Now that the United Farm Workers have taken on lettuce growers, the Pentagon is once more doing its best to break the strike and boycott.

Recent figures show that since the farm workers began their strike against Bud Antle, Inc. (a major California lettuce grower affiliated with Dow Chemical), the Department has increased Antle's share of the lettuce market from less than 10 per cent to more than 30 per cent. Better yet, the Pentagon is buying Antle lettuce at a price well above the market price and above the price it pays for lettuce from other growers. During the same period, Inter-Harvest, a lettuce company that has signed an agreement with the farm workers, has suffered a sharp drop in military sales.

But the lettuce growers are hurting, and the boycott is growing. After the football season has ended, perhaps President Nixon will come on with a "Salad Bowl Special" talk, munching on lettuce and warning against any "inflationary" wage boosts for lettuce pickers who now earn an average of $1,900 a year.

-liberation news service

tupamaros

The Tupamaros, leftist guerillas in Uruguay, grabbed another diplomat on Jan. 8. Uruguay responded by granting 40 days of extraordinary powers to the police in order to search for British diplomat Geoffrey Jackson. The Tupamaros response was to send letters demanding $1 million in exchange for Claude Fly and another million for Aloysio Dias Gomide, a Brazilian diplomat seized last August.

Jackson is the fourth diplomat taken since July 31 when Dan Mitrione and Claude Fly (American advisors in Uruguay) were kidnapped. (Mitrione, a suspected CIA agent who advised the Uruguayan police on how to "interrogate" prisoners, was later executed.)

Fly's son, John, was critical of the US' and Uruguayan' handling of the kidnapping. "Our government has let him sit down there for more than five months without making a move to send a negotiator." Uruguay has refused to even agree to the first demand of the Tupamaro's – publication of their manifesto in several Uruguayan newspapers.

As of this writing the Uruguayan authorities have still not located the three prisoners. Right On! to the outlaws who serve the people.

–adapted from the Guardian

PANTHERS

WINSTON–SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA: 50 police raided the Panther headquarters on Jan. 12th. No one was injured but every window in the two story frame house was broken in a minute long police gunshot and tear gas barrage. Afterwards the cops ransacked the house confiscating file cabinets, papers and pictures. Excuse given for the raid police claim that two Black youths who were visiting the Panthers had stolen some meat.

NEW ORLEANS: Two buildings used by the Committee to Combat Facism were burned to the ground. Police refuse to investigate the cause of the blaze. Maybe because they sarted it?

NEW HAVEN: Jury selection continues in the murder conspiracy trial of Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins. So far only seven jurors have been selected out of five hundred interviewed. The reason is that most of those interviewed said that television and newspapers had prejudiced them against the Panthers.

During their 15 month stay in prison, Ericka and Bobby have been denied basic rights. Both have been in solitary much of this time, and even when they haven't been in solitary they have had their visiting privileges limited to defense attorneys and members of their immediate families. But Ericka and Bobby have just won a law suit which will change this for them and all other prisoners in Connecticut awaiting trial. From now on, they can receive visitors of their choice and any material necessary for their trial.

VICTORY HOUSE!

When some Outlaws were in Springfield, Mo. a couple of weeks ago we heard about a place called Victory House. Junkies, O.D.'s, ex-cons, freaks, hitchikers, old and young folks can crash, eat, and get medical and legal help there. Mind fuck...in Springfield?

We met and rapped with the dude who started the place. Henry Lee, ex-junky-gangster who now calls himself a "Jesus-Freak." While Henry and some of the others who help him with the house feel that the Man Upstairs has given their life meaning and direction, they didn't try to lay a heavy spiritual rap on us..."I just think people should spend a few minutes each day meditating," Henry said. We mentioned a few of our revolutionary spiritual advisors we'd like to meditate on and he thought that was cool. Basically, however, Henry's into serving people's human needs – not all of them are spiritual.

They were just in the process of moving into larger quarters where they would be able to house about 40 people or so and feed 50 people a day...free. They are already treating O.D.'s but the new place would have a whole medical clinic. And there would be room for a coffeehouse. Henry was also planning a free breakfast program for "spot workers" – poor, unskilled workers who have to find new jobs daily. They were also trying to set up a free taxi service for freaks and poor people.

We were somewhat stunned as Henry was rapping all these things down to us. How could all this get going in a conservative and uptight place like Springfield?

It seems that Henry's determination has a lot to do with the cooperation he's had from doctors, lawyers, big food stores, etc. But being a Jesus Freak has helped too. Springfield is Bible Belt Country. While the local sheriff has supported his project the narcs raided Victory House on January 24 at 3 am. But Henry wasn't about to tolerate that kind of bullshit...he was already hustling up a legal case around it.

If you're passing through Springfield...there's always a place to crash and eat at VICTORY HOUSE!

JOBLESS

Substantial unemployment means 6% or more of the labor force is jobless. In some areas – New Bedford, Mass., is one – the rate is as high as 12%.

The actual rate is probably higher, since official unemployment statistics do not include large groups of jobless workers – those who have been out of work for more than six months, for example.

The four major labor areas now classified as "persistent" unemployment areas are Stockton, Cal.; New Bedford; and two large Puerto Rican cities, Ponce and Mayaguez.

Oakland, California, Newark, N.J. and Cleveland, as well as 24 separately classified counties, are on the list of "persistently" depressed areas.

Persistent unemployment means a rate of 50% above the U.S. average for several years. The number of these areas has almost doubled since December 1969.

assembly line blues

The following article is a summary of feelings expressed at a recent meeting of workers who have been laid off by St. Louis' largest corporation.

What do you do when the company you work for – say McDonnell or Emerson, or Monsanto or Olin – tells you they don't need you anymore?

First thing is you try to find another job where you can use the skills it took you so long to learn and where you can earn the same kind of money you've been making. But you soon find out that there are no jobs like that for you. You're too old, there are too many workers competing for too few jobs, and most of the other big companies are laying off too.

What next? You've spent most of your life believing that if you worked hard everything would be okay. And now, through no fault of your own, you've got nothing... except a family you can't support and a car and a house you can't pay for. Everything you've worked so hard for is out the window. And it doesn't make sense; it's not supposed to be like that.

So you hit the street, trying to beat all the other people who are in the same boat to one of the small jobs that are hidden away in the nooks and crannies of the economy. One of your friends told you about a job he got as a night watchman for $1.70 an hour, and said there were more openings. $1.70 an hour! Goddamit, you're worth more than that. You've still got pride and you'd rather not work at all than work for that. Besides, it won't help that much.

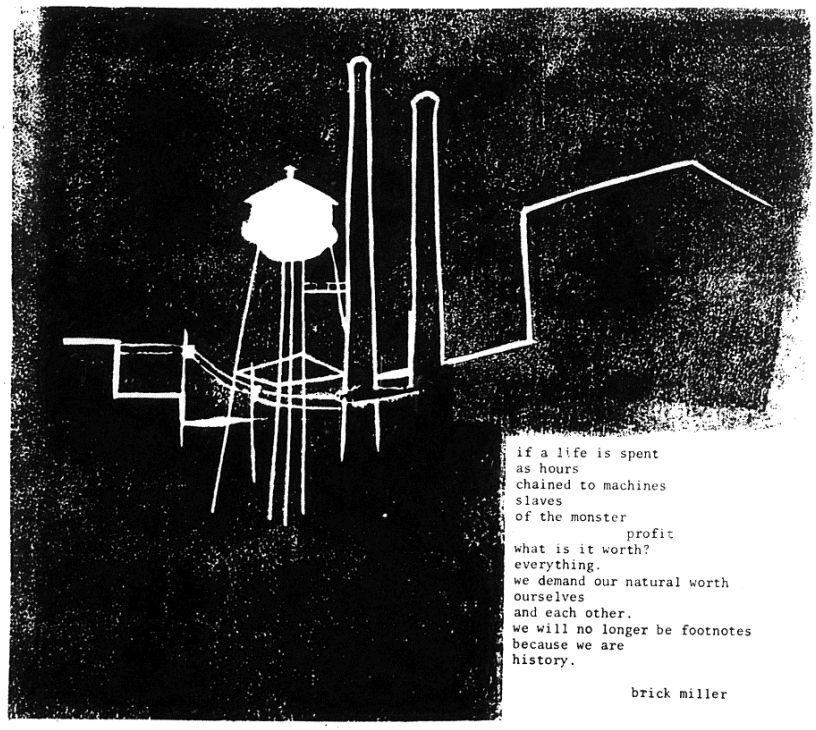
But it'll help for food anyway. And there's nothing else. The union's no help. They set up a program to find jobs for laid-off workers but they haven't found a single job yet. You've got to do something; tighten your belt, sell whatever you can for whatever you can get, and ride it out till better times come.

The new car's got to go, and you hope the old one keeps running. Might even have to sell the house. And you're going to have to eat cheaper. More starch and less meat. Just like the depression. But the hard thing is telling the kids they'll have to quit school and go to work. Everything you spent your life working so hard for is gone.

Your Congressman's aide, strangely out of place with his carefully slicked-back hair, shiny polished shoes, and starched collar, tells you that the Congressman is aware of your problem and is doing everything he can to bring the Harrier contract, for instance, to MAC (McDonnell). And you think to the day that MAC won the F-15 contract, and how happy you were. You didn't think, then, about all the workers who lost their jobs in other cities when their companies didn't get the F-15. Maybe you didn't know about that yet...the really vicious thing. The only way for some workers to keep their jobs is for others to get screwed. Worker against worker, brother and sister against brother and sister. It's not clear whose fault the problem is; and solutions seem even more impossible to formulate.

Someone mentions the word welfare. And that is hard to accept. You're a hard working honest citizen, not a parasite. If there's one thing you can still do, it's support yourself and your family, even if you have to sell everything you own, take a job as a night watchman, and let your wife do day work scrubbing other people's floors. Besides, you've always thought that colored people get all the welfare. Now it suddenly seems that white people should get themselves organized like those colored people. (You don't want to call them niggers and you can't think of them yet as black people).

Now you want welfare, too, so you begin to see what it's like to be black in America. You sense that black people are far worse off even than you are, that it's not their fault you're screwed, and that they want many of the same things you do. Maybe someday you'll be fighting side by side against the people who are screwing you both.



if a life is spent
as hours
chained to machines
slaves
of the monster
profit
what is it worth?
everything.
we demand our natural worth
ourselves
and each other.
we will no longer be footnotes
because we are
history.

brick miller

SERVING

ST. LOUIS ?

Since 1967, McDonnell Douglas (MAC) has cut its St. Louis work force by one-third, including more than 10,000 blue collar production workers. And, according to Sanford McDonnell in a letter to Stuart Symington, things won't be any different in 1978, **even with full-scale** production of the F-15. At the most, MAC expects to have roughly the same number of workers in 1978 as now, and maybe not even that many. The layoffs are permanent.

What has happened to the defense industry? Why do layoffs keep increasing even though defense spending keeps going up?

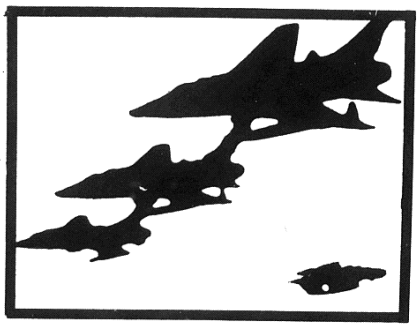
First, not all layoffs are caused by lack of business. A lot of the 11,000 are out of work because of automation. The defense industry has reached the stage where what is good for the company is not good for the worker, where profits and employment don't necessarily go together. MAC can continue to make big money and still lay off workers. In fact, it can make more money by putting some people out of work, because automation is far cheaper than manual labor in the long run.

But apart from that, the defense industry **is in serious trouble. Some of the largest aerospace companies are on the verge of bankruptcy**.

Why?

Mostly because the costs of the war in Southeast Asia have eaten up a larger chunk of the defense budget every year. Most of these costs are for bullets and bombs, bandages and uniforms, and soldier's salaries, not for ongoing research and development. The cost of the war has forced the government to cancel many advanced development and production weapons systems. Consequently, there are simply too many companies competing for too few contracts. The government can't afford to both fight the war in Southeast Asia and subsidize the defense industry in the manner it has grown accustomed to.

But the cutback on some contracts (like the $1 billion Manned Orbital Space Laboratory which MAC lost) is only part of the story. While some advanced weapons systems are expendable, the Pentagon considers others essential for maintaining America's ability to fight "limited" wars 5 or 10 or 15 years from now. Without the F-15, for example, U.S. forces would lose air superiority in the future. Even with air superiority, they're not doing too well in Southeast Asia. Without control of the skies, the U.S. simply could not stay in the fight. So the Pentagon has to have the F-15. But the Department of Defense still has to pay for the F-15, and for other essential weapons systems as well. Which means economizing and cutting production costs in the defense industry.



The Pentagon's economy move was motivated by the desirability of doing two things with a limited amount of money: continuing the war and developing new weapons. In Southeast Asia, Nixon switched the emphasis of the American war effort to the air war, while aiming toward withdrawal of most American ground troops by the end of 1972. Not only is Nixon extricating U.S. forces from an unwinnable situation, but he is also cutting war costs significantly - enough F4's and helicopters have been purchased to satisfy the needs of the air war for many years.

At the other end of the scale, the Department of Defense demanded economy from the producers of advanced weapon's systems. The result, at MAC and other major aerospace companies, has been the development of major automated production techniques. It is not yet clear whether the government is paying for the automation switch-over (as it has for much of MAC's, Lockheed's etc. machine equipment and plant facilities in the past.) If, in fact, the Department of Defense has financed the automation, taxpayers will pay for it three times - through the

financing, layoffs, and the human needs that will continue to go unmet. MAC will profit twice - by getting the machinery for its defense production and by applying this machinery to its civilian aircraft divisions, causing even more automation layoffs.

This is not to imply that automation or technological development is wrong or should be opposed. However, in a capitalist society, technological innovation doesn't necessarily lead to an improvement in the quality of life of a large segment of the people. In this case, in fact, it serves only to allow MAC and the U.S. government to devise more efficient and less costly ways of destroying the people of Southeast Asia. Not so surprisingly, it is the American people who are paying for it.

In addition, all of St. Louis will pay for the instability of defense employment. MAC is the biggest employer in St. Louis, and when it is doing less business, area subcontractors and service industries also do less business. As a result, these companies are also laying off workers and unemployment in the St. Louis area has climbed to nearly 5.5%. In fact, the job market is so tight that freaks, radicals, and others who only want to work occasionally will find that even the most menial jobs are impossible to get.

All of this means that it is in everyone's interest to oppose MAC. Students who are against the war, the poor who are in revolt against the misplaced priorities of the government, and workers who are losing their jobs with no alternative work in sight are in a perfect position to join together in a movement to attack MAC. Some workers have begun this attack with the formation of JOBSEEKERS, an organization of workers (blue and white collar) who are determined to expose the job crisis in St. Louis as a product of their employers' search for greater profits and their unions' complicity. JOBSEEKERS has raised the issue of conversion of MAC facilities to civilian production as a "first step toward establishing **stable** and **useful** work."

A unified movement of St. Louisans from many different communities in opposition to MAC would go a long way toward building revolutionary consciousness in St. Louis. By exposing the policies and actions of a large corporation like MAC and by showing different groups of people that their oppression is based on these corporate practices, the revolution in St. Louis will have advanced.

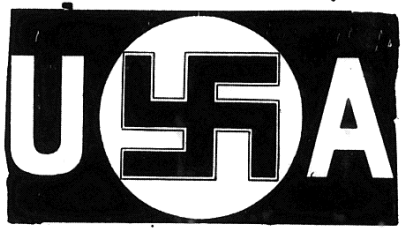
Last weekend a man and a woman from the Loop community were setup and busted for passing a script in a drug store in Maplewood. They were held for a time, interrogated and released. There was nothing unusual about this bust – it happens all the time. We want to run the story because it is so typical – it speaks for the experience of numerous others. Also, the treatment of the woman involved reveals the special attentions that woman are subject to.

Marcie and Leonard were picked up, without a warrant, around 11:30 A.M., and were taken to the station in Maplewood to be processed – fingerprinted, photographed, and searched. The cops told Marcie that unless she agreed to a strip-search, they would hold her for the additional time needed to find a matron. They said that the nearest matron was in Clayton and that it would be several hours before she was available. Marcie was shaken up from her arrest: she'd already had guns held on her when the cops found a water gun in her purse. So she agreed to the search.

After the search Marcie was questioned for five hours and bullied into signing a statement. Maybe a half dozen cops questioned her. One was very "tough", another posed as a friend claiming that he knew her brother from high school. Still another started off "tough" but became friendly. Others questioned her seemingly at random. All of them repeated the same questions time after time.

The police played Marcie off against Leonard with lies and threats. First they wanted to know what Marcie was doing with "someone like Leonard." Later they told Marcie that Leonard had already been released, although he was in fact held untill 9:00 A.M. the following morning, 14 hours after Marcie was released. Finally, Marcie was threatened with an outrageous bail. $25,000 they said. She was shown pictures of recently arrested people and asked to talk about them. Leonard was held for 18 hours, but refused to be interrogated and wasn't given anything to eat although he was held overnight.

At first it all seems pretty astounding, especially the all-male strip-search of Marcie. But to see the story this way is to miss the point. That point, and what's really scary, lies in just one word: typical.



ST. LOUIS: Our official protectors of law and order (some call them pigs) shot and viciously beat Paul Wollen, a young Black man from East St. Louis. Paul was standing on the corner of 10th and Washington around 10 o'clock at night when he heard a shot at close range. Paul didn't figure being around gun shots was too good an idea so he started to split as fast as he could. He ran right into2 cops. Though he didn't have a gun the cops busted Paul for shooting at them. Before taking him to the station they shot him in the leg. At the station they stripped him naked and beat him using his own shoes to pound him in the face. Then they took him from the station to the hospital with a fractured jaw, nose and ribs. At the hospital police guards repeatedly put their revolvers to Paul's head and threatened to shoot him. As any pig will tell you there is an unwritten law for "new exciting downtown St. Louis;" any Black man seen wandering around after 10 o'clock is fair game.

- adapted from Black Panther paper

SEC
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E

Although I was from a working class family I rubbed shoulders with enough of "the other kind" at school to feel that I could be anything I wanted when I grew up. I was a good student and took pre-med in my first year of college with the idea of becoming a doctor. But there was this thing in my head that had been creeping up which said you couldn't be a woman and a doctor, too. I talked to our family doctor and he confirmed my suspicions about the contradictions between femininity and being a doctor. My mother (who had already encouraged me to acquire secretarial skills) suggested I become a physiotherapist...a nice feminine compromise. I couldn't get turned on to it. I was confused and growing bored with the small town I had grown up in and anxious to be independent...so I split for the big city to find a job.

I had already worked at a billion shit jobs since I was 14 but somehow thought that with a year of college I would land something quite fantastic in the city...I didn't know what. Well...I got a job as a sales clerk for $40 a week tramping around on concrete floors with spiked heels. Increasingly dazzled by all the expensively dressed secretaries I met, I decided to apply for an office job. For the next 9 months I typed purchase orders for $300 a month.

From the moment I started working I knew I wanted to go back to school but could never quite save the money and was never really hip to why. I was forever getting bored, spending more money on clothes and makeup and underwear and women's magazines...living for MEN and ORGASM. I changed jobs another couple of times and then split for San Francisco.

After four years in San Francisco I had changed jobs 8 times.. Kelly girl, steno, legal secretary, scientific secretary, traffic work in a radio station...they had one thing in common: TYPING. And what is more important (but I didn't see at the time): DOING SHIT WORK FOR MEN! I was still planning to go back to school but was always spending more money than I was making (after 8 hrs a day of demeaning, repetitive work you deserve to spend whatever you feel is necessary to GLAMORIZE your life and EXCITE yourself.) By this time I was fully aware that I didn't want to die at my desk like most of the women I knew in offices had. I also realized that no office job was satisfying. I learned all there was to know about them in about one day and the rest was repetition. But I was trapped.

Finally, I landed the super status job as an Executive Secretary. But this was January, 1967, the time of the hip explosion, and I was very much caught up in that. My life style was going through transition...but I never questioned my job. I had to work to survive. So I led schizophrenic lives – one before 5 pm and one afterwards.

At the office, our day began at 8:15 with a coffee break from 9:30 to 9:40 and lunch from 11:45 to 12:30, another 10 minute break in the afternoon and finish up at 5 pm. The Personnel Office was situated so everyone had to pass it to get to their desks so they knew instantly who was late. Because everyone went to coffee and lunch at exactly the same time, late comers would be immediately spotted. Of course, as 5:00 was the time you could leave the building, by ten-minutes-to all typewriters were silent and all the women sat with clean desks staring at the clock. At one minute to 5 someone might be killed in the stampede to the elevator.

Secretaries had phones on their desks, typists and clerks did not. Stenos sat in large pools in the middle of the floor. Only the men had cubicles or offices depending on their status. In a company and plant of about 800 employees, only one woman, Nancy, had a position above executive secretary. Nancy and I became friends and she told me once that the men in her department never included her in on decision-making or

discussions about heavy problems...and she had more experience than any of them in the field.

My duties consisted of the standard typing, filing, dictaphone, bringing coffee to my boss and taking away the dirty cup, sharpening his pencils, cleaning his desk, keeping his calendar, taking his messages, and a billion other things that only secretaries would appreciate.

While doing all this my head was usually into SEXUAL FANTASY, I would write love poems in my head at the xerox machine. I was daydreaming constantly – about what clothes I wanted to buy, men, and assorted matters concerning men. After I dropped acid the kinds of men I was concerned with changed but I was nevertheless spending most of my time thinking about them.

"The girls" as the men called us all went around in hierarchical cliques for coffee and lunch and smoke breaks to the john – secretaries in one group, typists in another, etc. Most lunch hours were spent in mad shopping trips...clothes, makeup, hair pieces, ski equipment, household shit. The single women were mostly concerned with their clothes, appearance, their men or the men they wished were theirs. The single women around 30 were usually terribly neurotic...about themselves and men. They always had desperately dead looks on their faces and were usually quite bitter about things. The young girls were mostly putting in time til

they found the right guy. They didn't care about what the job was because as soon as they found the guy he was bloody well going to take them away from all this. Girls who were engaged spent weeks and weeks going through bridal magazines at their desks and spent every lunch hour tracking down just the right silver pattern, furniture, etc. Married women spent hours at their desks planning menus, shopping lists, things to do the minute they got home each night.

All of the women in the office complained about their job, their pay, their boss, the rules and regulations (you'd get sent home for wearing a culotte dress, you'd be reprimanded for taking a few extra minutes for coffee, laughing too loud, or fucking up a phone message.) But there was never any talk of changing things or collective action. In my 8 years doing office work I rarely heard women discuss politics or social issues. The most common form of sabotage was stealing time...women develop fantastic abilities to look busy while doing their own personal stuff or visiting or doing nothing.

Very few women had ambitions about their job. They knew they were in dead-end slots. They were very realistic about what alternatives existed. The main alternative was being a housewife – and it didn't much matter how many years of college they had. The choice was the same. There were no REAL job choices except to work for a different company under a different man with different women.

SECRETARIAL PROLETARIAT

The 17th Annual Educational Conference for Secretaries was held at Washington University recently. About 300 women all conservatively well dressed and fresh from the hairdressers were there to presumably learn how to further their careers. Since most of the women were over 30 I gathered they had already worked for 10 or more years and were committed to this career.

It was disgusting to see that 3 out of 4 speakers were men! But my real depression and outrage came as I learned that the women wholeheartedly preferred the rap of John R. Schmid, Dir. of Operations Improvement, Ralston Purina Co. His rap was entitled "To Thine Onself be True" (An Innovative Systems Approach to the Secretary's Responsibilities). I have listed some of the things he had to say below...my outrage is in parentheses.

–I don't see a gentleman in the crowd!	*(Smart remark, Schmid, how come there are no men secretaries?)*
–Degrees don't count...young ladies, it doesn't matter if you've had sandbox I or sandbox II...	*(You've got an MS in Bus. Adm. and a BS in Ind. Eng. – that's part of the reason you're there and we're here!)*
–Only one out of 10 men know how to USE their secretaries.	*(Don't dare think of her as a human being, she must be used as an object)*
–A boss benefits every day from a fantastic secretary.	*(Right on, the BOSS benefits)*
–There's an awful lot of power in a secretary if you treat her like a human being...as an equal	*(Wouldn't that do away with bosses and secretaries?)*
–Every morning you look in the mirror...the way you look, smile, your hairdo...this is the most important thing you have to offer.	*(Women have minds and emotions and abilities like all human beings, but that doesn't seem to count)*
–Show me a secty who doesn't make a mistake and I'll show you a bum...some are so accurate and precise they make you uncomfortable...they mother you...it's awful.	*(They threaten you just a little, Schmid?)*
–The greatest favor you can do for your boss is to keep track of his time.	*(I thought you didn't want to be mothered)*
–The cheapest investment a boss can make is take his secty to lunch occasionally and talk business... grease the car when you've got some mileage in it.	*(Say no more, Schmid, we're gonna start a revolution!)*

Although we work at desks instead of on assembly lines, female clerical work is very much like factory labor in its exploitative nature. But unlike factory workers, we don't even have unions. The Bosses make a false separation between "blue collar" and "white collar" workers, because it's in their interest to keep us clerical workers from organizing to demand better wages, better working conditions, day-care for our children – or maybe even a revolution. And the unions which now exist don't do much good for the workers either; in fact, many of them are racist and sexist institutions in themselves.

Another thing that has kept women workers from organizing is that we are prevented from finding an identity through our work. There are several reasons for this. First of all, the work we are assigned, as women, is the lowest level, most meaningless and degrading work available in the society – who wants to identify as a file clerk? Second, all work in a capitalist society is alienating to the workers because the workers do not benefit from the fruits of their own labor – we sell our labor, while management reaps the profits and makes the identification with what we have produced. Third (and perhaps most important), as women we are allowed to identify not through production, achievement, and action, but through men. When you're bored and miserable all day at work, flirtation and role-playing with men begins to sound like fun. Marriage and staying at home with the children seem like liberating alternatives to the kind of jobs we can get. But we soon find out that that's a myth. When we marry, we only exchange our status as a worker for status as domestic slave labor – we do the cooking, cleaning, child-rearing (all important productive tasks and we get no wages at all, only patronizing security and protection and perhaps a weekly allowance from a benevolent master. And we don't always even get to stay at home. Many working women ARE married... Then we have TWO full-time jobs instead of just one – under paid clerical worker and unpaid housekeeper. In this way, they keep us just too damn BUSY to organize!...

What we must do now is resist collectively instead of in isolation. We have feared that by speaking out against our oppression we might lose our lousy jobs and thus our livelihood, which does happen if we speak out alone. We have feared that maybe our present conditions are just the way things are and can't be changed. But these and other fears can be overcome through collective actions and solidarity. We can pool our financial resources to reduce the danger of summary firings; we can share our child-rearing responsibilities to free each other's time for action. We can support each other emotionally and become sisters in oppression and, finally, in victory.

–Judith Ann

There was a meeting recently of women interested in working on the proposed city-wide women's center. Women discussed the proposal for the use of YWCA facilities. These facilities would include inexpensive office and library space, a large meeting room for bi-monthly orientation sessions (for new women) and the use of the gym and pool.

One group of women formed to work out the priorities for services and information that would be provided through the office; e.g. day care, food, housing, legal aid, health care, job counselling, education, etc.

By the time the next issue of the Outlaw hits the streets there should be a definite place and phone number for the women's center and more info on the orientation meetings.

In the meantime women's rap groups are forming. If you want to be in one, contact 652-9993, or Lynn 652-1938, or Gail 862-7239. Gay women interested in a rap group with other gay women should contact Mary 371-1479.

AWAKENINGS women in hi school

The following is an interview between some of the Outlaw women and some high school women:

DID YOU EVER PRETEND TO BE DUMB?

I probably have. I think every girl has in the past....like you don't want to get better grades and you are embarrassed for having them....you also use excuses like the teacher probably liked me better. And somehow this is related to flattering men...getting things away from me and building them (men) up. Also, I often end up listening instead of talking when I'm with them because I think what they have to say is usually more interesting.

WHAT KIND OF GIRLS DO THE GUYS AT HIGH SCHOOL DIG?

Oh, they really like "feminine" women.... you know... meek girls, who succumb to them, who fit some sort of image like in Playboy or who have blond hair and blue eyes. They like girls who don't have strong opinions.... they definitely don't dig radical girls.

ARE GIRLS WITH BOYFRIENDS WINNERS? WHAT DID THEY WIN?

Yeh; girls prefer to go to rock concerts with guys...a lot of it's the money thing...but if you call a girl at home on a weekend night and she's there, she'll give some excuse for not being out on a date...like her date got sick....even though the dating thing seems to be breaking down, girls still like to have a steady boyfriend for status and security....there's always the embarrassment of being seen with girl friends on a weekend night. As for the second question....well, if they've had to lie and cheat and compete with other women it doesn't seem that they've won much. But I guess it has to do with their ego, status...and of course, there's even more status if the guy goes to college and if he has his own car and apartment. I mentioned the competition thing because when I was in junior high school I was a class officer and homecoming queen and the girls were so awful...they made up lies and rumors about me...the jealousy was awful...I got away from all that competition; I even put on lots of weight and tried to look ugly.

HAVE YOU EVER LIED ABOUT HAVING A BOYFRIEND?

Yes.

DID YOU DISCUSS MASTURBATION AND LESBIANISM IN YOUR SEX EDUCATION CLASS? DID YOU DISCUSS INTERCOURSE? ORGASM? ABORTION?

I can't remember any discussions on masturbation, lesbianism or orgasm. And as far as intercourse and abortion, we were warned to watch out for these. I think it varies within each school. Some places try to have pretty informative sex education classes, but usually some girl's father complains, and they disband the class. I guess it's pretty normal for a school not to even have sex education.

DO YOU EVER HUG OR KISS YOUR GIRL FRIEND?

Only when I haven't seen her for a while...I sometimes feel funny about it.

DID YOU EVER HESITATE TO SPEAK UP IN A COED ORGANIZATION?

Yes, many times...I know it's wrong, but I always assume that the guys know what they're talking about and I don't.

IF YOU WERE IN A DANGEROUS SITUATION WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE A MAN DEFEND YOU OR DEFEND YOURSELF? CAN YOU DEFEND YOURSELF?

No, I probably can't defend myself very well, but I'd like to learn because I'd rather defend myself than be dependent upon men for my safety. Also, I don't see it as any great feat for one man to beat the shit out of another. It all seems like one big ego match to me.

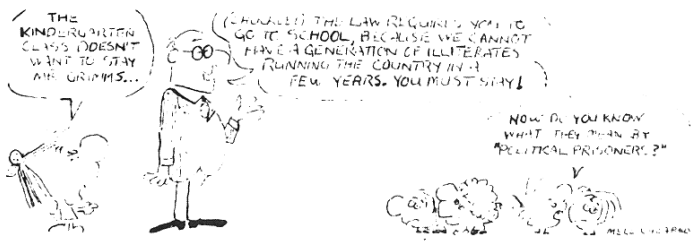
ARE YOU FLATTERED BY CATCALLS ON THE STREET?

I used to be....All the fashion magazines said to take it as a compliment. But now it's generally a drag....Occasionally, if someone is particularly obscene, I get really pissed off but what can you do about it?

There are an infinite number of questions like these. If you want to rap with us about them call Diana (863-6208) or Suzanne (872-7689).

HIGH SCHOOL: BETWEEN BARS

St. Louis high school students are beginning to get together, and the *Outlaw* would like to run down what's happening. We can only do this regularly if news comes in from the high schools, so send the word along to the *Outlaw* (P.O. Box 9501, Cabanne Station, St. Louis, Mo. 63161. Please include your name and phone number. Names will not be used in print, if you request this).



CLEVELAND: Dope busts are frequent here. A couple of weeks ago someone was busted in the smoking lounge with some grass.

COLLINSVILLE, ILL.: Dope busts have happened all fall. Friends on the east side estimate busts at school have numbered between 15 and 20.

LADUE: Administrators are proud of their "progressive" education and Ladue is a "progressive" school. But lots of students aren't so happy with "innovation," a program that allows students to take all their classes in three days. The catch is that they still have to be at school five days a week. Students see this extra time as a jail sentence and are fighting for "open campus" so that they can come and go as they want.

Seven dope busts have occurred on school grounds recently, and it is suspected that student informers tipped off the police.

NORMANDY: Ninety-four blacks were suspended first semester after occupying a school building. Eleven have been expelled. Their demands were straightforward: an end to all racism, more black teachers, a black studies program, and recognition of the Black Student Union on campus. The response included expulsions and a temporary restraining order that forbids all protest activities (breaking the restraining order could cost up to six months in county jail).

Kids' parents have been getting calls recently from someone claiming to be a cop. He says he knows their kid is doing dope and if they just bring her or him down to the station, there will be no trouble. Some kids and parents have been scared into giving names and incriminating people. (You don't have to talk to anyone and shouldn't. Pass the word that this is just a cheap trick to get one student to inform on others.)

PARKWAY CENTRAL: Students have voted to disband the Student Council, because its activities are worthless and nothing ever gets done.

PATTONVILLE: Student forums were held about the dress code, bringing many students together to rap. The dress code was abolished. Although people are happy with the change, some see this as a token move by the administration aimed at placating the students.

QUINCY, ILL.: Long-hairs (high schoolers and recent graduates) can't get jobs anywhere in the area, a situation which has led to lots of discontent among young people.

SOUTHWEST: *The Weed,* one of several high school undergrounds, continues to publish.

A radical was elected junior homecoming king as a joke, and the homecoming assembly was turned into a yippie action when he gave a fist from the stage and firecrackers were thrown from the balcony.

U. CITY: A women's group is beginning to form. One of their first projects is to get birth control information into the school.

People were hoping to get an underground paper going, but have been using a bulletin board for information instead, with some success.

The school shrink has set up student-teacher confrontation sessions, and radicals are hoping both factions will join to attack administrators.

VIANNEY: Students aided the administration in a fund-raising drive by selling candy. Half the money was promised to students to provide a student lounge, but so

MAKING IT

I knew it was a man's world from the beginning.

For one thing, the professors who wrote my recommendations to graduate school all told me how lucky I was:

> "Your record is excellent. You'll be able to compete with male applicants, and there's no reason why you shouldn't get a scholarship. Also, the draft being the way it is, grad schools will be accepting more women."

Great. I could compete successfully for a scholarship; I could even compete with male applicants. And still more wonderful, I could benefit from the hard luck of some poor guy wading through the mud of Vietnam.

Yet I have to admit that I was pleased with my success. And in a way, that's the important point.

I knew it was a man's world. I knew it was highly competitive and even ruthless. Survival of the fittest in polite and genteel form. Yet I was proud that I could make it where so many other women didn't even try to compete. I could beat men in their own arena, and prove myself every bit as bright, and as competitive, as they. I could become, except for a few physical features, like a Man. (The obvious analogy is too true to go unmentioned. Remember the blacks who, in attitude and life style, become "white"?)

So I was pleased when, true to predictions, I made it to grad school with a fellowship. Then it began in earnest – my training in what it means to make it in the Man's world.

I think I first noticed what was happening when a fellow graduate student came to me for help. We were both scheduled to present papers in a seminar, and although our papers were on different subjects, we seemed somehow to be in competition with each other. If one of us presented a bad paper, the other would look good by comparison.

So when she mentioned the problems she was having with her paper, I was torn between several responses. I had worked with her topic as an undergraduate, and could give her some helpful material. On the other hand, I asked myself why I should help her with her work, especially when it might contribute to my own downfall. If her paper turned out to be good, it might contribute to a fellowship recommendation for her instead of me.

Well, in the end, I gave her the help and the material she had asked for. I hadn't yet learned the polite art of academic warfare. But I did learn eventually, because in academia, you either learn to play war games, or wash out. After a year of grad school, I was one of the best little warriors they'd ever seen. I knew how to flatter a professor, and unashamedly used the advantage I had in being female. Pussy Power. I knew how to help fellow students, giving them a little information without helping them too much. I knew, most of all, it was me against the Others: a hundred graduate students in the department, all competing for professors' favors, all eager to be someone's special protege, all fighting for the best fellowships. Man, I knew it all – knew it, and was beginning to hate it.

I think I next confronted what higher education meant when I was granted a teaching assistantship. At last, I thought, I can be the teacher rather than the taught. I swore I wouldn't become a torturer just because I'd been tortured.

I entered my first class with a revolutionary pitch. There would be no competitive ruthlessness in my class. There would be no grades, but instead, individual conferences about their reading and writing. I'd give no tests. They were to have all the time and all the space that true growth needs.

They liked that at first. I could sense the loosening of tensions, could see the more reticent students daring to speak without fear of being branded wrong. But then the first paper came due, and my classes began to grow uneasy. One student wanted to show me a rough draft of his paper, to be sure that he was on the "right" track. It seemed that I was meant to catch his "errors" before he discovered something exciting or adventurous on his own. Others asked what I "wanted," and how long the paper should be. The crowning blow came when one student handed in two papers, telling me that he hoped to make up in quantity what his writing might lack in quality.

I grew silent in the face of their uneasiness, knowing that whatever I said to disclaim my role as teacher and authority would only reinforce it. I wanted to say that learning, even through one's own errors and misconceptions, is far better than learning a teacher's programmed rightness. I wanted to say that in writing as well as in speaking they should dare to be wrong, without fear of being punished. But they knew what I, in my innocence, had ignored: there were end of the semester evaluations to be considered, recommendations to be written, careers to be pursued. It came to me that one does not undo the screws of a competitive society in one liberated classroom.

I couldn't deny that some token change was possible within my classroom. I had loosened the fetters – even made them seem invisible for a time. Students called me by my first name, went ungraded, chose their own texts. All of the surface stupidities – attendance requirements, grades, curriculum – could be changed and updated. But the assumptions which lay behind them seemed truly untouchable: assumptions which promote competition rather than cooperation, hierarchy rather than community.

I was told that I need not officially grade students, but must be responsible for evaluating them in some way. My years of learning were virtually deified, and because of them I became the judge and my students the judged. We might under different circumstances have been friends, allies, even equals, but as "teacher" and "student" any living tissue of community was irrevocably destroyed. With sadness, I realized that it could not have been otherwise.

By all traditional measures, I should have been pleased with my success. I'd become one of my department's better students, and was told that I was one of their successful teachers as well. I'd made it in a man's world. Yet the taste of success was bitter, largely because the same rituals of competitiveness and hierarchy which first plagued me as a student also affected my role as teacher.

In speaking of those years, I realize that I can sound hateful towards the men who have made academia what it is. Perhaps I am bitter, but I really don't hate men so much as the competitiveness which they are encouraged to adopt for survival in American society. I do not believe that men are innately competitive and aggressive, any more than that women are innately passive and gentle. I can and do believe, however, that men are trained to be competitive and aggressive in a society which prizes competition over community (remember, that's what private enterprise is all about).

Having made it in an academic world dominated by men, I can only say that it is a horrible place to visit, and a worse place to live. Moreover, because of my graduate experience, I can only feel saddened by the aims of groups like N.O.W. (National Organization of Women), which seek for women the chance to be as competitive and ruthless as men in the pursuit of prestigious careers.

The limitations of careerism have become abundantly clear. It is not enough to redistribute human misery, making more men miserable at the bottom of the economic and social ladder while a few more women find hollow success at the top. The point is rather to build a new man and new woman in a new society where success and careers will depend on community rather than hierarchy.

At the same time, I cannot hate, but only mourn those men who are emotionally and morally dead at 20, when they begin the rituals involved in a climb to the top. Graduate school has taught me one lesson above all others, and that is of our need for Women's Liberation that N.O.W. can never deliver – the liberation which will allow warmth and gentleness and courage to men and women alike. I am talking about the liberation which can come only through revolution; the liberation which demands the complete reorganization of society on all levels (economic, social, political) around communal rather than competitive principles.

It was a man's world, in the beginning.

May it be a human and humane world, in the end.

Purgatorio

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far there has been no action on the lounge. Students are pissed, and some think the administration might have ripped off their share of the money.

WEBSTER GROVES: Two undergrounds, the *Bull Sheet* and *The News*, are coming out of Webster.

A movement has begun for "free study," so that people can move freely around school and aren't jailed in study halls with nothing to do. Some also are trying to get rid of student council, because it's a do-nothing organization.

Recently, a group of Websterites picketed St. Louis theatres showing *Trail of the Hunter*. The protest was aimed against wanton destruction of the environment and glorification of killing.

Some high school papers you should be turning on to:

Bull Sheet: c/o Jimi Murphy, 639 Deerhurst Drive, Webster Groves, Mo. 63119. Focuses on Webster High, but the problems considered can be found in all high schools.

Street Sheet: Get it from a member of a Black Student Union. Will tell you what's happening in the black movement, expecially in the high schools and Black Student Unions. It's the only paper of black radicalism in St. Louis.

The News: 20 Webster Woods, Webster Groves, Mo. 63119. A second paper from Webster High, largely concerned with that school.

Weed: Available at Left Bank Books, the Peace Center, or The Weed, P.O.Box 14205, St. Louis, Mo. 63166. General high school underground paper. It's the only paper that covers all high schools in St. Louis.

It is important to read these papers whether or not you're in high school, so you can find out what radical high school students are thinking and doing. For other high schoolers, the papers offer some good ideas for starting your own paper.

Send us the good word about your high school. Checkin' it all out,

-Fat Bear

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Chairs; couches; benches hassocks; of soft plush foam covered in removable, washable stretch nylon in five bold colors. Furnish any space at budget prices.

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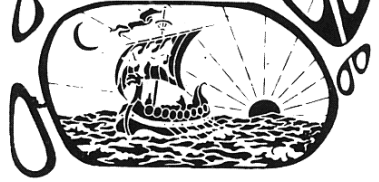

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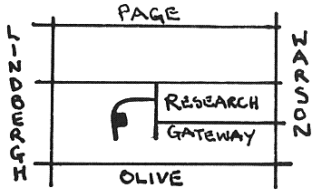

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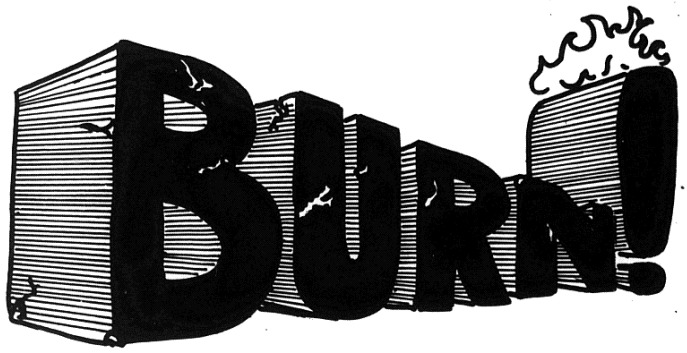


BURN! does a good thing in the worst possible way very professionally. Gillo Pontecarvo, who also directed *BATTLE OF ALGIERS*, has once again tried to make an anti-imperialist flick (a good thing) this time using the foremat of a Hollywood spectacular (the worst possible way) and he has done a very professional job.

The setting for *BURN!* is an island in the Lesser Antilles. The action takes place between 1838 and 1848. The Portugese "discovered" the island during a period usually dubbed by Western Civilization texts "The Era Of Great Explorations." They found the island to be "rich in natural resources" as the history books would say, but infested with pesky natives who a. don't like to work and b. think the island belongs to them just because they've lived there for a thousand years. The Portugese solve this knotty social problem by burning the island to the ground and killing all the natives. (This is the kind of petty detail the Western Civ. books tend to skip). The Portugese then build sugar plantations on the island and import black slaves from Africa to work them. This is a direct and simple enough way to expand Western Civilization, but as the British say "a bit crude" and "terribly" inefficient.

Enter *BURN!'s* anti-hero, William Walker (Marlin Brando), a servant of Her Majesty's government and a man with a better idea. His better idea, a la Ford Motor Company, is free trade and free labor: accent on the free when he is fomenting black slave revolts against the Portugese, accent on the trade and labor when he is talking British businessmen into supporting the revolts. Walker does the former by finding a black, Jose Delores, who will fight when a white man calls his mother a whore and the latter through the graphically apt metaphor of the advantages of prostitution over marriage.

> "One only pays for a whore while he uses her while he must pamper, support and keep a wife until she dies. Such are the benefits of free labor and free trade over slavery and colonization."

British interests immediately recognize this as the good common sense of which empires are built and agree to support the revolt. The slave revolt frees the island. It is free of the Portugese, thus opening it to the economic exploitation of the British, and the slaves are free: either to work for the British as they have the Portugese or to starve and die - the freedom to choose one's profession.

The film then skips ten years - which having no interest in dramatic unity is alright with me - during which time we are told that sugar has done very well on the London Stock Exchange. Meaning plantation owners on our island successfully translated natural resources into a lot of hard cash and a lot of civilized Englishmen got sugar with their afternoon tea.

During which time Jose Dolores and the blacks on the island learned that the difference between slavery and free wage labor is only in the name.

After which time Jose Dolores got an even better idea than either William Walker or the Ford Motor Company, namely that what was bad for the Portugese is equally bad for the British. He reforms his black guerrilla army and begins a war of liberation against the English imperialists.

William Walker, an "extraordinary fellow", using the same civilized logic as the American commanders in Vietnam who burn villages in order to save them, burns the island to the ground a second time in a successful effort to defeat Dolores and the Guerilla army. But the film's clear implication is that the English success is temporary. As long as the resources of the third world are controlled by westerners while the work is done by third world peoples, guerilla wars will continue.

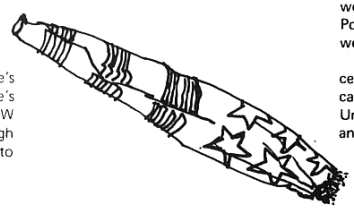
Pontecarvo clearly sees no reason why the Hollywood epic extravaganza which has told lies for so many years can't tell the truth for a change. If entertaining, high-budget adventure movies can dull people's consciousness, then why can't they be used to raise it? *BURN!* is as good an example as I can think of for why this doesn't work. When it is entertaining it is reactionary and when it is good politically it isn't entertaining.

The entertainment of *BURN!* is the dramatic tale of two great men, William Walker and Jose Dolores, fighting it out on the stage of history - filmed on location for the wide screen in living color with a cast of thousands. The trick of course is the role reversal. Jose Dolores is the good guy and William Walker is a pig of gigantic proportions. But the political value of spectacle is always negative no matter who the "bad guys" are. The whole idea of spectacle is to make the boring, uneventful, unfulfilling lives of the spectators more tolerable by providing them with a little excitement for a few hours. It's a method of getting people to forget about their problems and those of the world, not a way of rousing them into social action. Left-wing spectacle may get people to identify with different heroes and hate other villians, but it certainly won't break them of the habit of letting other people - bosses, teachers, parents, movie directors - define their roles for them. Breaking down those other-defined roles is the first step towards getting people to look at themselves and their social world critically and that critical view is the prerequisite for progressive political action. Pontecarvo's effort to get people to identify with his heroes instead of somebody else's doesn't bring any of this any closer.

BURN! does show very well the incredible potential the cinema has for dealing seriously with history and politics. When Pontecarvo forgets about his plot and has Brando explain the nature of free-trade imperialism, or rap about guerilla warfare and what must be done to stop it while the camera illustrates he is saying, *BURN!* is very powerful history. One wonders why Pontecarvo didn't use Brando and all the big budget film paraphernalia to do an explicit cinematic essay on imperialism in all its dimensions. Maybe United Artists wouldn't have footed the bill for that and maybe Pontecarvo should start thinking about why they wouldn't.

BURN! coupled with *BATTLE OF ALGIERS* certainly qualifies Pontecarvo as the number one candidate for the Cecil B. Demille of the left. Unfortunately, the left doesn't need a Cecil B. Demille and the cinema already has too many of them.

DOPE



Dope's not easily available in St. Louis this month. There's some psychedelics and weed which is amazingly good, but 'cause there's not too much the prices are pretty high. The best rule still is to KNOW YOUR DEALER so you won't get busted and don't pay absurdly high prices or dealers will get used to selling dope at high prices. We need to stop this by paying only what's a fair price and nothing higher.

SCOPE

SOUTHSIDE

Weed – reports say very clean lids of nice weed at $15/weighed oz. $100/lb.
Hash – black primo hash, $7/gm.
Acid
Woodrose organic acid – this is a brand new one. We've never seen or dropped anything like it. It's the resin of a plant and is in a beige colored tab. Nice body stone and visual for 6-8 hours. $1.50/hit.
Cocaine – very, very mellow in pretty good quantity at $50/gm.

COUNTY (KIRKWOOD, MAPLEWOOD)

Weed – there's a harsh, light green, very dirty weed in the county, gets you stoned but not by much. $15/lid, high.
Kief – very, very nice. A true super stone. It's in a ball. It's light brown/yellowish in color. Sort of crumbly or powdery. $6/gm.
Psychedelics
Strawberry Psylocibin – It comes in no. 1 tabs. It's great. One cap properly portioned out is a true 5-6 way stone. If you take half a cap of this by yourself then it's cucumber land for you. $6/cap.

WEST END AND CITY DOPE

Weed – many different kinds, some good, some bad. remember to taste before you buy.
East Coast Weed – strange as it sounds it's outasite shit 2 totes off of one jay and you're done in proper. Weighed oz. – $20.00, o.k. Lid (3/4 oz.) – $17.00, price too high, buy the weighted oz. instead.
Dirty Mexican Green – a fair supply of this sugar-cured weed going around on its way from Mexico to Chicago where it's selling at really high prices. It's not that good, but it'll get you stoned. $10/lid, o.k. $15/lid, high for this weed. $110/lb. on the street.
Hash
Dark, wet Afghanistan – excellent grade, only a couple of lbs came in. $6/gram.
Israeli Dirty Blonde – really nice stuff, mostly in private stashes, but more's on the way. $6/gm. $100/light oz.

Pressed, Bar Hash – coming out of the Mid-West, from domestic grass. It is being sold to dealers as government seal hash from Pakistan (as if hash were legal there) and it isn't worth more than a few hundred dollars a pound, yet people are paying up to $900 and $1000 for pounds of it. It will give you a relatively pleasant buzz if you smoke enough of it, but the buzz doesn't last and it's not worth the cost.

Psychedelics – There's not that great a supply. But if it's visuals you want this month, now's the time to cop your psychedelics. The St. Louis scene has some acid that'll fill your head with paisley patterns for a good 8 hours.
Acid
Orange Blotter acid – this is *real* clinical acid in odd shapes. The hits can't be seen on the paper, so start with a small piece of the paper until you find the dose that's right for your head. $1.50/hit, good price.
Green flat – bad acid. Some chump is selling this for $1.50/hit – don't buy.
Black Microdot – still around. Only 10% acid, the rest impurities.
White tab acid – there's 2 types of this making the rounds. One is known by 3 names: white lightening, pure 25, or white sticklebury. $2/hit. By all reports this is really righteous acid. It has one black dot on it. The other acid doesn't have a black dot and is just called white tab acid; it's a bummer. From reports, you don't even get off on it. Acid Rescue says its got strychnine.
Mescaline
Orange mescaline – good report from Acid Rescue at $1.50/hit.

strength of sisterhood

This article is taken from the first issue of SECOND COMING, the Austin Women's Liberation paper. It is a letter written by a man to woman's group in Austin and the response of the women to him. The man's attitude is expressed by men and women quite often, and the questions he raises are important ones. It is important for both men and women to understand these questions and the reasons for them and the answers to them.

Wednesday, 11 November at 8:07 pm I walked into a meeting of the Women's Liberation Movement. At 8:10 I was told that by being a male I was not privileged enough to attend. And that special meetings were held once a month that males were allowed to attend.

Being the curious and distrustful person that I am, I feel a bit leery of this closed door policy. I could never condone or much less support an organization that propounds this type of chauvinism. Yes, chauvinism. Would it be fitting to call women chauvinistic pigs? No, it wouldn't be the open minded approach.

I would much rather think that a group dedicated to liberation were planning a frontal attack (such as bombs in urinals) than participating in exclusionist policies. The latter would be betraying their cause. Would it not create a more desirable air of goodwill and cooperation between the sexes to allow males to attend the sessions? Or is knowledge so dangerous? I had not thought it would be. How can I correct any possible misconception about my feminine counterpart if I do not know what this misconception is? Could it be in my own self interest to continue in my current and still socially acceptable relationship patterns? Obviously, I must strengthen these patterns to protect my self identity. I can not be forced, but I can be persuaded.

I came to you to try to know and understand what my problems are. I know that I was not only rejected but to an extent belittled because of my sex. Maybe this letter will help you of Women's Lib to realize the double bind you are placing yourselves in. If at any time the meetings become available to the general public, I would be delighted to attend to learn more about one of the more recently publicized problems of the world.

– Still a Male Chauvinist.

Dear Brother,

I regret the misunderstanding with which you left our meeting Wednesday. Here is the reply I did not give you then.

Women growing up in this culture are, as you know, the brunt of many discriminations, perhaps the cruelest of them psychological. And one of the most insidious aspects of our oppression is that we have borne it in almost total isolation form each other.

We have few unions. Our most common labours – housework and childrearing – are accomplished alone. Female friendships are tenuous. Women's clubs are not taken seriously. Our heritage is not one of comraderies or sisterhood or compassion for other women. Instead we are pitted against each other – and primarily for the attention of men. We grow up thinking other women silly, inane, petty, uninteresting.... We do not look to them as exciting, vibrant, incisive thinkers, nor for leadership, creativity, or even meaningful companionship. Instead we look to men for all these things. What a damning compliment to the success of this society that its women too are male chauvinists!

We do not love or admire ourselves. Instead we compete with each other for the affection and attention of men. For it is in men and our children that we traditionally try to build a sense of self and pride.

Men came to many of our early meetings with curiosity, with interest and some compassion and with an incredible arrogance. Time and again we would find ourselves defending our ideas of feelings about leadership or organization or action to them. With 100 women in the room, many there for the first time, we would find ourselves in the same old role of directing all our time and energy towards the 1 or 2 men present. And this, while a hundred women each as important as that man, waited quietly, unobstrusively. And the new women, in the traditional Western European position of woman, said nothing, asked nothing, demanded nothing.

We are learning that many of our dissatisfactions are not personal idiosyncracies but social malaises. Our insecurity about our beauty (and therefore our worth), our manipulativeness (which is what this society makes of an intelligent woman), our sex roles and games – these are the scars this society leaves on its women. This is our female heritage.

We feel that men have difficulty understanding these things except intellectually. They have not lived them. We feel that at the large general meetings our proper concern is with new women. We must let each other know that most of us share the same debilitations within the female role (trivial or incomprehensible as these may seem to men). Much of our oppression was possible only because we were made to feel our problems were personal neuroses or trivial. We must learn to question and analyse and express ourselves in a manner in which we are unaccustomed around men. It is important that new women learn to see each other as a source of strength and companionship and love. Because it is the strength of this sisterhood which can change things. Given the traditonal male-female sexist roles. The world cannot continue to endure maiden or warrior cults. And it is to you we must look for the male aspect of human liveration. We must learn to help each other grow to relize our full human potential.

To this end I think it terribly important that new collectives and study groups be forming to encompass both men and women. It has been mostly in the structure of the small group that we have built the trust, concern and understanding to look deeply into our problems and needs.

–Victoria Foe

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letter

OUTLAWS:

As some of the readers of OUTLAW may already know St. Louis's only coffee and folk meeting place may soon be gone. The Public Works, on 396 N. Euclid has been refused a renewal of its lease by the Monterey Management Co. It is our opinion that the lease is not being renewed for one or more of the following reasons: a) our clientele, b) our political beliefs and, c) our social beliefs.

The management of The Public Works has received phone calls calling us almost every imaginable name from bastards to fuckers.

We have had a warning telling us not to have rock-bands in our storefront, but we went ahead and continued. The following morning at 7:30 a.m. our electrical power meter was stolen (wonder who), but by that evening we were still operating (the Union Electric company being kind enough to install a new one).

At the present time, we of the Public Works need your support. We have rock night every Friday, and folk and films on Saturday. We will now be open every Wed., Fri., and Sat. with live entertainment through the 28th of March.

At that time we will open at a New Location to bring the people of St. Louis an even better atmosphere for entertainment by eliminating the hostile fanaticism we are now experiencing. For further information dial 367-8015-The Public Works. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Don Kurtz
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The Wicked Flame is now open at 9404 Milton – at the corner of Woodson Road and Midland in Overland. The Flame is a community craft cooperative, and we need your hand-made items now. For information, call 429-4080 or come by.

Happy birthday Gail--The Big Bear

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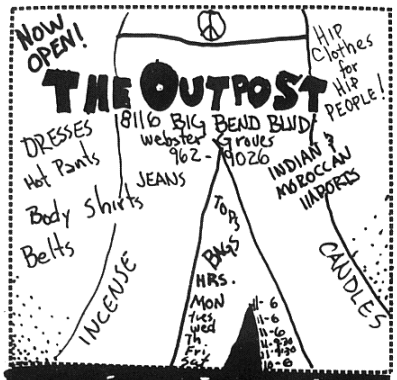

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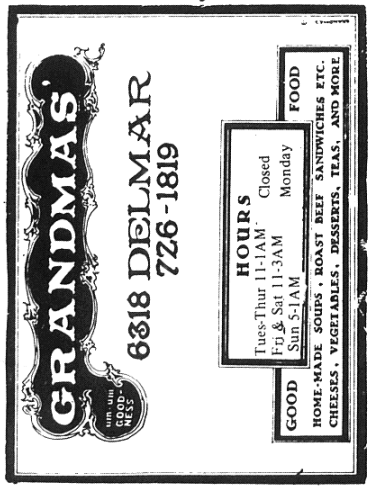
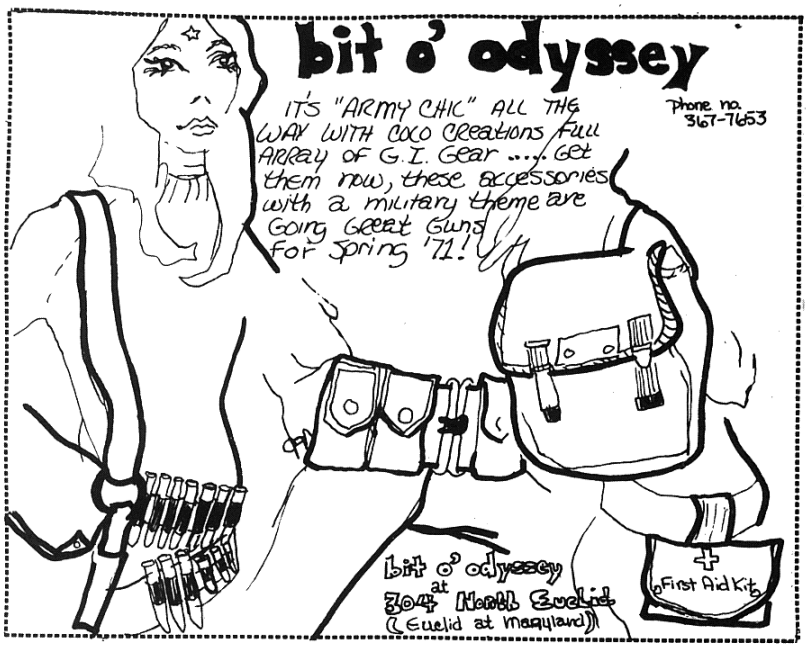


SPORADIC ENTERTAINMENT



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THE AFRICAN CONTINUUM proudly announces the first event in a continuing effort to bring first-rate serious black artists to St. Louis audiences:

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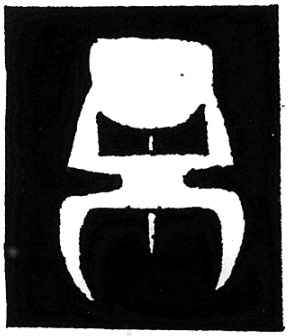
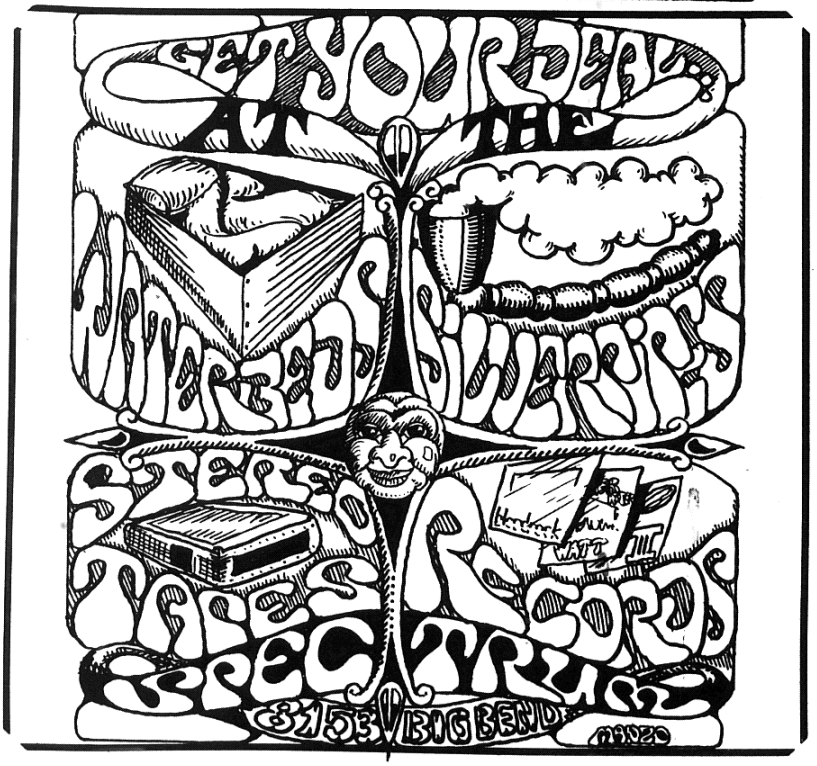


Powell Hall
Friday, Feb. 26, 8 p.m.



Vol. I No. 12 February 12 – March 4, 1971

The St. Louis Outlaw is an independent radical newspaper published every three weeks. Our mailing address is P.O. Box 9501, Cabanne Station, St. Louis, Missouri, 63161. Phone 862-9327.

To be considered for publication, articles and letters must carry the signature and phone number of the author, but names will be withheld on request.

Cost per issue: 25 cents. Subscriptions are $5 per year, free to GI's and prisoners. Distributors are needed. Call 862-9327 for details.

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The OUTLAW needs an accountant to help out with the bookeeping and tax reports. If you can help us out, call 362-9327.

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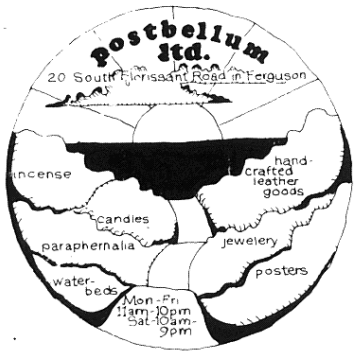
"The State and its battalions of kept chroniclers always are responsible for the first version of what passes for history and are forced thereafter to try to salvage as much of their special pleading as they can in view of subsequent disclosures and discoveries which make their way into the growing account of the past."

Dr. JAMES J. MARTIN, the author of *Men Against the State* and *American Liberalism and World Politics* and a leading historian of the "revisionist school", will deliver a lecture entitled **"On the Revising of History, or Were Napoleon and Henry Ford Right?"** Monday, March 1, 1971, at 8:30 P.M. Graham Chapel on the Washington University campus.

Admission is Free.



"How I love those records, incense posters and gifts I get at

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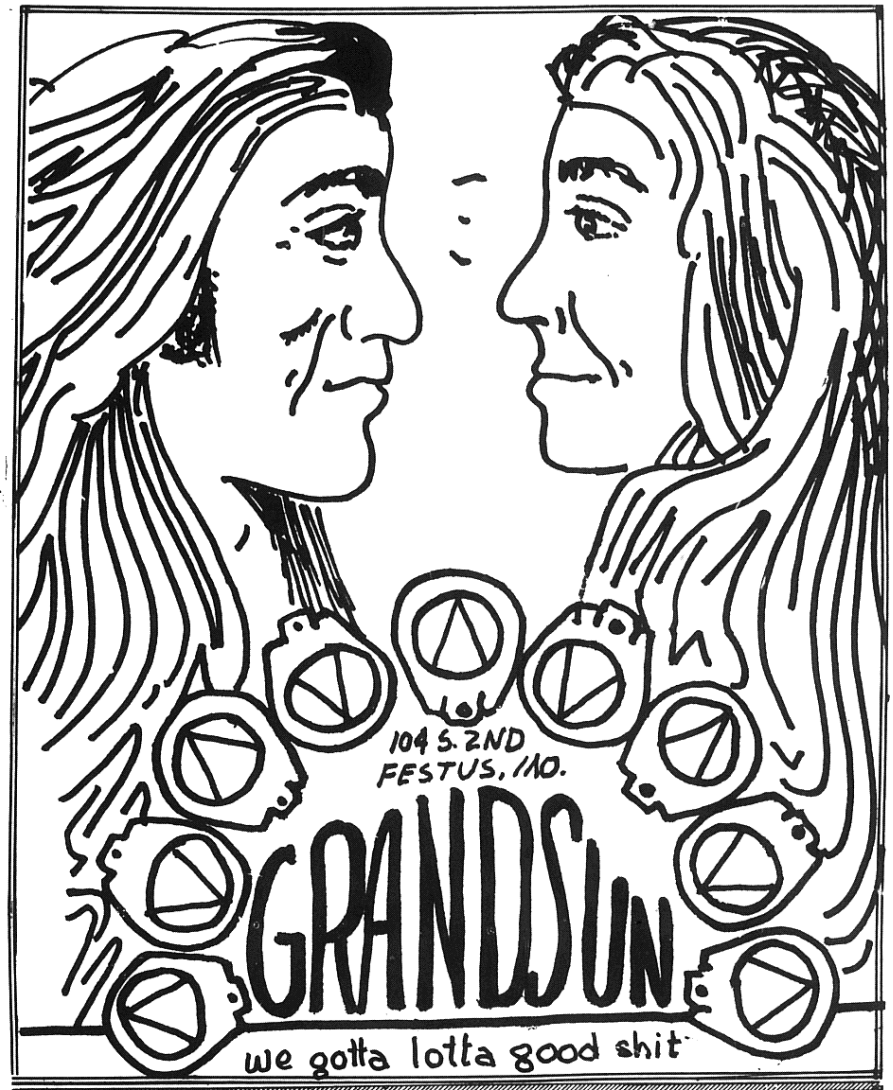


K-SHE-95

Real "Rock" Radio for St. Louis

FRIDAY, Feb. 12
1817 (year approx.) Frederick Douglass born into slavery
African Dance & Drum Ensemble; Black Artists Group, 2665 Washington; $1; 10 p.m.
"Alice's Restaurant"; Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.; $.75; 7:30 & 9:30 p.m.
"Gone Are the Days"; Brown Aud., Washington U.; $.75; 8:15 p.m.
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid"; Life Sciences Bldg., U. of Mo. at St. Louis; $1; 7:30 & 9:45 p.m.
"Fiddler on the Roof" (Duffy Players); Florissant Valley Comm. College Theatre Bldg.; $3.50; 8:15 p.m.
"Hatful of Rain" (play); Loretto-Hilton Theatre; $2; 8 p.m.
"All Quiet on the Western Front"; Young Aud., Lindenwood College; free; 730 p.m.
"Enchanted Galapogos" (Audubon wildlife film); 3rd Baptist Church, Grand & Washington; free; 815 p.m.
Rep. Ron Dellums, address and discussion; Graham Chapel, Washington U.; free; 2 p.m.
Ron Dellums, Norman Cousins, Michael Harrington, Malcolm Boyd - panel discussion; Graham Chapel, Washington U.; free, 7:30 p.m.
"Rosencrantz and Gildenstern Are Dead"; St. Louis U. Theatre; $2; 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, Feb. 13
Folk Music; Graham Chapel, Washington U.; $1.50; 8 p.m.
African Dance & Drum Ensemble (see 2/12)
"Intolerance"; Kelley Aud., St. Louis U.; $.50; 7 & 9:30 p.m.
"Rosencrantz and Gildenstern are Dead" (see 2/12)
"Alice's Restaurant" (see 2/12)
"Hatful of Rain" (see 2/12)
"Fiddler on the Roof" (see 2/12)

SUNDAY, Feb. 14
Women and Their Bodies (a class); Busch 110, Washington U.; child care provided; 2 p.m.
Women's Center meeting; YWCA, 1411 Locust, rm. 309; 10 a.m.
"Police" and "We Own the Night" (plays), Black Artists Group, 2665 Washington, $1; 6 p.m.
Roots of Bluegrass concert; Kelley Aud., St. Louis U.; $2; 7 p.m.
"Gone Are the Days" (see 2/12)
"Fiddler on the Roof" (see 2/12)
"Rosencrantz and Gildenstern Are Dead" (see 2/12)
"Hatful of Rain" (see 2/12)

MONDAY, Feb. 15
1820 Susan B. Anthony born
Free Angela Davis rally, Fania Davis speaking; Sheldon Memorial, 3648 Washington; 8 p.m.
"Citizen Kane", Baden branch library, free, 4 p.m.
"War Game" and "The Great Dictator" (classic anti-war films); Graham Chapel, Washington U.; $1; 8 p.m.
"Man of Aran"; Administration Bldg., Webster College; $.75; 7:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, Feb. 16
Open meeting to criticize OUTLAW issue no. 12; 524Melville (off Delmar in U. City); 8 p.m.
Gay Liberation Meeting; Public Works Coffeehouse, Euclid and McPherson; 8 p.m.
Peter Evans, classical and Flamenco guitarist; Life Sciences Bldg., U. of Mo. at St. Louis; Free 11:45 a.m.

"Hiroshima Mon Amour"; Webster-Eden Library; $.75; 7 p.m.
"To Catch a Thief" (Hitchcock); Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.; free; 8 p.m.
"Hamlet", National Shakespeare Co.; Benton Hall, U. of Mo. at At. Louis; $1.25; 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 17
1936, 14,000 Goodyear Rubber workers begin sit-down strike in Akron, Ohio
"Raisin in the Sun"; Forest Park Community College Performing Arts Center; $1; 8 p.m.
"Antonio Das Montes" (film); Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.; $1.25; 730 and 9:30 p.m.
Mountain and Zephyr; Kiel Opera House; 8 p.m.
"Citizen Kane"; Carondelet branch library; free, 6:30 p.m.
"Dr. Strangelove"; rm. 101, Life Sciences Bldg., U. of Mo. at St Louis; free; 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, Feb. 18
1896, Andre Breton born
"Raisin in the Sun"; (see 2/17)
"This Strange Passion" (Spanish film--English subtitles); Kelley Aud., St. Louis U.; $.75; 7 & 9:30 p.m.
Lyrics & Legends, Traditional Ballads with Jean Ritchie; ch. 9; 7 p.m.
"Under Milk Wood" (play by Dylan Thomas); Fontbonne College Theatre; $2 ($1.50 students); 8:15 p.m.
"Fiddler on the Roof"; (see 2/12)
"Citizen Kane"; Buder branch library: free; 645 p.m.
"Antonio Das Mortes"; (see 2/17)

FRIDAY, Feb. 19 "A Tribute to Malcolm X" and "Black Man's Struggle for Freedom"; Busch Center, St. Louis U.; 9 a.m.
"Great Catherine"; Kelley Aud., St. Louis U.; $.50; 7 & 9:30 p.m.
"From Here to Eternity"; Young Aud., Lindenwood College; free; 730 p.m.
"Fiddler on the Roof"; (see 2/12)
"Under Milk Wood"; (see 2/18)
Black Artists Group Festival; 2665 Washington Ave.; $2; 10 p.m.- 3 a.m. "Raisin in the Sun"; (see 2/17)
"Citizen Kane"; Barr branch library; free; 3:30 p.m.
Kinetic Art Program; Benton Hall, U. of Mo. at St. Louis; free; 11:45 a.m.
"The April Fools" (film); Life Sciences Bldg., U. of Mo. at St. Louis; $1; 7:30 & 945 p.m.
"Bullett"; Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.; $.75; 7:30 & 930 p.m.

SATURDAY Feb. 20
Black Artists Group Festival; (see 2/19)
Richie Havens; Field House, Washington U.; $3, $4, & $5; 8 p.m.
"Great Catherine"; (see 2/19)
"Fiddler on the Roof"; (see 2/12)
"Under Milk Wood"; (see 2/18)
"Raisin in the Sun"; (see 2/17); 2 p.m.
"Bullett"; (see 2/19)
Black Artists Group Festival; (see 2/19); 6 p.m.
Rod Stewart & the Small Faces, Savoy Brown, the Grease Band; Kiel Opera House; 8 p.m.
"Fiddler on the Roof"; (see 2/12)
"Under Milk Wood";(see 2/18)
Women and Their Bodies; (see 2/14)

MONDAY, Feb. 22
Copy deadline for OUTLAW no. 13
Concert by Black Artists Group; Act II Coffeehouse, St. Louis U.; 7 p.m.
"All Quiet on the Western Front"; Graham Chapel, Washington U.; $1; 8 p.m.
"The Good Earth"; Administration Bldg., Webster College; $.75; 7:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, Feb. 23
1868, W. E. B. Du Bois born
1970, Washington U. ROTC bldg. burns to ground--students cheer
"El Hajj Malik", Black Renaissance Players; St. Louis U. Theatre; 8 p.m.
"Dial M for Murder"; Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.; free; 10 p.m.
"The Miracle Worker" (play); S. I. U.--Edwardsville; 8:15 p.m Gay Liberation Meeting: (see 2/16)
"Bed-Sitting Room" (anti-war film); Graham Chapel, Washington U.; $1; 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY', Feb. 24
Three films on the Black Panthers; Kelley Aud., St. Louis U.; 7 p.m.
"Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte"; Carondelet branch library; free; 6:30 p.m.
"The Miracle Worker"; (see 2/23)
"Homage to Ho Chi Minh" (film); Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.; $.50; 8 & 9:15 p.m.
Nathan Wright speaks at Forest Park Comm. College Gym; 7 p.m.
"Hiroshima Mon Amour"; Life Sciences Bldg., U. of Mo. at St. Louis; free; 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, Feb. 25
1913, 27,000 silk workers in Paterson, N J. strike against speed-up
"Venus Observed " (play): Brown Aud., Washington U.; $2; 8 p.m.
"The Miracle Worker"; (see 2/23)
Lyrics & Legends--Broadside Ballad; ch. 9; 7 p.m.
"Paradise Lost" (play by Clifford Odets); ch. 9; 7:30 p.m.
"Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte"; Des Peres branch library; free; 6:15 p.m. FRIDAY, FRIDAY, Feb. 26
"Post-Prison Life of Malcolm X", Black Artists Group; St. Louis U. Theatre; free; 8 p.m.
"Venus Observed"; (see 2/25)
"The Miracle Worker"; (see 2/23)
IMAGES: Sons/Ancestors --African Continuum, Julius Hemphill and Michael Harper; Powell Hall, St. Louis U.; $1.50 and up; 8 p.m.
"The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie"; Life Sciences Bldg., U. of Mo. at St. Louis; $1; 7:30 & 9:45 p.m.
"Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte"; Barr branch library, 3:30 p.m.; Kingshighway branch library, 7:30 p.m.; free
"War and Peace, Part I"; Graham Chapel, Washington U.; $2.50; 7 & 10:45 p.m.

SATURDAY, Feb. 27
Nina Simone; Kiel; $2.50, $3.50; 7 p.m.
"Loot", City Players; Forest Park Comm. College; $2, $1.50 students; 8:30 p.m.
"Venus Observed"; (see 2/25)
"The Miracle Worker"; (see 2/23)
"War and Peace, Part II"; Graham Chapel, Washington U.; $2.50; 7 & 10:45 p.m.
"Naked Runner" (film); Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.; $.75; midnight

SUNDAY, Feb. 28
"Venus Observed"; (see 2/25)
"Loot"; (see 2/27); 7:30 p.m.
St. Louis String Quartet; Steinberg Hall, Washington U.; free; 8 p.m.
Women and Their Bodies; (see 2/14)

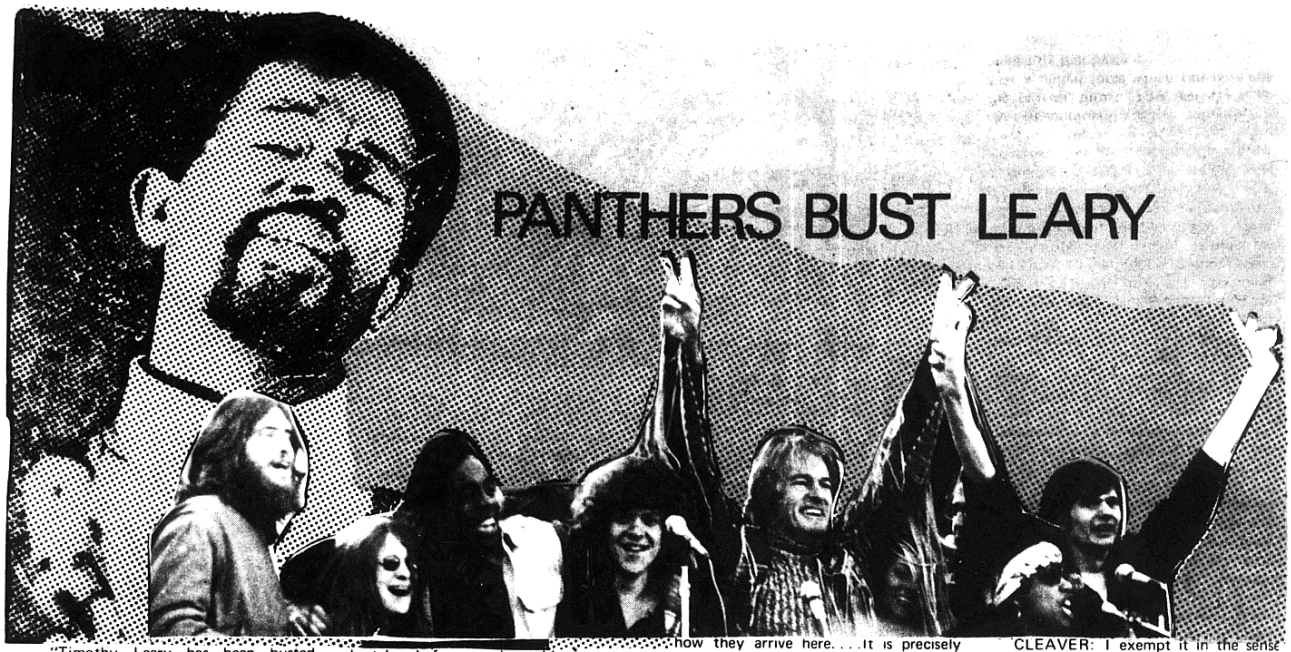
MONDAY, March 1
Flash Gordon movie serial; St. Louis U.; free

TUESDAY, March 2
1919, Third International founded
"Nortorious" (film); Instructional Resources Bldg., Florissant Valley Comm. College; $.50: 7 & 9:30 p.m.
"The Fall" (Spanish film with English subtitles); Kelley Aud., St. Louis U.; $.75; 7 & 9:30 p.m.
Gay Liberation meeting; (see 2/16)

WEDNESDAY, March 3
1934, Dillanger escapes from Crown Pt. jail
"To Be Young, Gifted and Black" (play); Benton Hall, U. of Mo. at St. Louis; $2 8 p.m.
"Wild Strawberries"; Life Sciences Bldg., U. of Mo. at St. Louis; free; 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, March 4
1910, IWW wins free speech fight in Spokane, Washington
Lyrics & Legend; ch. 9 7 p.m.

Abortion counselinng	388-0310
Acid Rescue	645-2900
AFSC	862-8070
Black Artists Group	535-3906
Bus schedules	773-1120
Community Center (Delmar Loop)	
Day Care	725-5302, 862-8017
Health Clinic	726-5563
Food Co-op	727-7326
Coffee House	862-6621
Environmental Response	863-0100, ext. 4070
Gay Liberation	863-0100, ext. 4806
High school organizing	647-3528
KDNA	652-6161
KSHE	638-4444
Newsreel films	(913) 842-8689
Peace Center	862-5735, 725-3209
Planned Parenthood	361-6360, 522-6630
Poison control	Memorial Hospital 865-4000
	St. Louis Children's Hospital 867-6880
St. Louis U. Draft Help	535-3300 ext. 304
Suicide Prevention	388-2000
Switchboard	652-6161
Temperature & Time	321-2522
Washington U. Draft Help	863-0100, ext. 4682
Welfare Coalition	862-6637



PANTHERS BUST LEARY

"Timothy Leary has been busted again," Eldridge said. "The 1st time was a reactionary bust in Babylon. This time was a revolutionary bust."

Eldridge Cleaver and the Intercommunal Section of the Black Panther Party in El Biar, Algeria, busted Tim and Rosemary Leary on Jan. 9 and held them for 4 days. The information that is available at this time is a tape Eldridge made just after the bust and an interview Cleaver and Leary gave Michael Zwerin after Leary had been released.

The reason for the bust seems to have a general lack of political togetherness in Tim's head, leading to his presenting a security risk to himself and the Intercommunal Section of the BPP. Leary's acid politics did not put him in a place to deal effectively with serious revolutionary matters of life and death.

In the tape, Eldridge said that Leary is a man who cannot function without an audience. Cleaver continued that in a place like Algeria there weren't many people who wanted to hear what Leary had to say. Leary's search for an audience led him into the company of CIA agents posing as intergalactic pilgrims in search of the Acid God.

The actual bust came just before Leary held a dinner party which included some people that the Panthers considered security risks.

Here's some of the interview:

ZWERIN: Eldridge, why did you make that tape? Why did you make the "bust" public? Aren't you afraid of splitting the revolutionary movement unnecessarily

CLEAVER: I made it public because I'm interested in pulling together what is already a fragmented movement. The trend these days is toward unity in the American revolutionary movement, and our needs, the demands of the situation are also for unity. It's my opinion that a continuation of this whole "trip" approach to the revolution, substituting magic drugs for cold, calculating confrontation with reality is an obstacle to the further development of the unification and the strength of the movement. And it's for this reason-- in order to demonstrate the fact that we're very serious when we say that we no longer want to relate to that, for this reason it was made public....

CLEAVER: I'd like to talk more about Timothy's slogan, or motto. "Turn on, tune in, and drop out." I think that all of this must be looked at within the context of time. Several years ago, as I stated on the tape in question, what Timothy was doing was very progressive, it had an uprooting effect, a jarring effect, and it was part of the long process of people turning away and rejecting the values of Babylonian society. Which was an essential, unavoidable step that had to be taken before people could move on to the other phases of destroying and rebuilding a society for us to live in. You see? And I think that Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman and Stew Albert, Allen Ginsberg,.... All down the line, this whole wave of people who are dealing with those values, dealing essentially with the cultural revolution in the United States, particularly among whites....

ZWERIN: All of the people you mentioned are white....

CLEAVER: But they did have an effect on other people also, although principally on whites. The work they did was very useful work, but it's a tactical approach to a problem, see? I view what they were doing *only* as tactical. I think it has to be categorized as a particular approach to a problem to which other people were making different approaches. You see? I think their approach was very effective at that time, but that time is gone, that work is done, and it is necessary for people to re-focus themselves for an appropriate attack on the system under the conditions that exist today. And I think the approach that is associated with Timothy....I'm only loosely lumping him you see. But I think that whole spectrum of activity is passe and it needs to be definitely understood by all that it's passe, and relegated off the scene because it creates divisions and factionalism in the movement that we've been talking about....And searching on the question of the bust, I had hoped somehow to penetrate, or to shake Timothy up, you know?...we're dealing with behavior that has political consequences or that has security repercussions, and it may even be that we place the security element above the political element because the political element can always be dealt with later while the security area must be dealt with constantly and failure to do so can bring about disaster.

ZWERIN: Has anything the Learys done blown security? Or endangered security?

CLEAVER: Yes, Yes, Yes. I think this is a general pattern that we're talking about. Particular incidents may seem picayune, may seem not enough to justify the drastic action that was taken...We're dealing with the contacts Timothy has made here, the confidences he has invested in certain people, whom I consider to be dangerous, it concerns loose talking to various people, statements against our Party, against our work here, it concerns racist attitudes expressed by Timothy concerning us here(Cleaver in the tape quoted Leary as describing the bust as "Just a bunch of niggers flexing their muscles,")that create much misunderstanding, as these things are rumored about, talked about by other people, and it concerns the people whom Timothy has come over and see him, and how they arrive here....It is precisely those people who are in a position, and who compose the numbers, that we look toward to deliver a very powerful and crippling--even decisive--blow against the System of oppression in Babylon. And it is precisely for that reason that they must move, because the way they are dealing with it now is ultimately passive. It's not actively dismantling the System. It rejects the System, it condemns the System, but it does not physically demolish the System. And these people are among the army of oppressed people inside the United States who must themselves break the chains that bind them. This constituency is not an item of private property, it is a collection of people who have somehow huddled together and focused their collective social antenna upon each other, and produced certain symbols. Timothy is one expression, one embodiment, of this sentiment and this will. And he has a responsibility to be responsive, both to where those people are coming from, what he himself knows, you see, and to what the situation objectively calls for. And he knows from his statements, he knows from his experience, that the situation calls for a more active approach to the struggle. But he does not express this in a pure form. He still ambivalently projects an antecedent approach to the problem...

LEARY: I'm not making any statements about drugs. I haven't for some time.

CLEAVER: But don't you think you must? Because if anyone has any knowledge and experience with this, it's you. And if you're not issuing any statements about drugs it's because you choose to wait until later, or because you have another opinion. In the meantime, your constituency is left hanging. And if you've moved, then they need to know so they can move. You see? And I think that you indicated to them in your Manifesto that you have moved, you see, but I think that they need to understand more clearly what you're saying now. What you've been saying these days...about the bomb and the gun and the need for dealing like that. I think that has to be made very clear, and it's left very fuzzy. And there's just not time. There's not time to tarry....

LEARY: Yeah. I agree with that statement, its aim and its priorities. Completely. The number one goal is to free all prisoners of the American System and the use of any drug which will hinder in any way, even for an hour, the freeing many many prisoners, brothers and sisters, the use of any drug that will postpone their freedom for even an hour should be postponed until they are free...

ZWERIN: In your statement (Eldridge) I believe you said you exempted marijuana when you refer to drugs? Why?

CLEAVER: I exempt it in the sense that it is possible to find moments to relax, even in this situation. I stated very precisely how we do not advocate or encourage the use of even marijuana while one is directly involved in his revolutionary work. But even revolutionaries, who are not involved with a battlefield situation -- you understand? -- find hours, or maybe even all night when one can relax and get high. But I don't think it's possible while on an acid trip to return to one's work just like so. You see? Plus, emergencies can't be dealt with. But if you're high on grass, you can deal with shit. You can deal with shit, if it comes up. These days none of our homes are secure any more. Pigs come at odd hours and kick down doors with murderous intent. I think it would be very disastrous for the pigs to visit you while you are on a trip, man, you might think it's just part of your trip. You'd never know.

Because whether Timothy knows it or not, the U. S. imperialists want to kill him. They want to kill him. And there are people who have been assigned to deal with *us*. I know that someone has already been assigned, you see, to kill me. I have this on information, you see. And I know that our whole operation here has been placed on a map, in terms of a target. So this is not something we can take lightly, it is something that deserves the most serious consideration. It's making me more serious by the day. Timothy, just tell me...do you think the enemy would prefer you dead or alive?

LEARY: Dead.

ZWERIN: One more question. How can Timothy and Rosemary function with you in the future?

CLEAVER: ...I think that Timothy should integrate himself into our work apparatus here, and begin to contribute, to put aside this isolated, individualistic approach to this problem. Not just to state, but to embody in practice the policy of all for one and one for all. Because when we stated to the Weathermen that we would deal with tnis, we meant that we would go down with Timothy, that if someone moved against Timothy, it would not be any different than if he moved against us. And we mean that. I know a lot of people practice one thing and preach another thing, but it's part of the Black Panther Party to match practice to preachment as be t we can. I don't think I can say it any clearer. Since we have stated that we will go down with Timothy, a collary to that is that he has a responsibility not to drag us down unnecessarily, but to help us push up. Not just sit around watching us push. And not push in some other direction. And not even pushing in the *right* direction without that being part of the over-all thrust. You see? We must have a united force which can have one impact on that System.